

Property of
Public Library
No. 290
NEW SERIES

Periodical Department

PRICE
1/6 NET.

No. 728

AUGUST

THE

CORNHILL

MAGAZINE

1920.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

All rights, including the right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine, are reserved.
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.



WAS IT FOR NOTHING.

FOUNDED 1856.

Patrons: Their Majesties the King & Queen

The Strenuous Service, the unflinching heroism, the stern devotion to duty, the affection for Motherland were the mark of British Seamen's response to Britain's call during the War.

WHAT WAS THEIR VALUE TO YOU?

WELFARE WORK in the Ports of the World was never more vital than now: it is not temporary war time work, but permanent, and the Sailors acknowledge their appreciation.

Abundant opportunities of service exist to-day. **THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN**, striving to extend its world-wide sphere of usefulness, is receiving diminished support.

WHAT ARE OUR SEAMEN WORTH TO YOU?

Will **you** show **your** appreciation by sending a Gift to

STUART C. KNOX, M.A., *Secretary*,

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

JUST PUBLISHED.

No. 48 of WINSOR & NEWTON'S
HANDBOOKS ON ART—

"A Discursive Handbook on Copying"

with special reference to the lives and
works of the two great masters of
method, Reynolds and Gainsborough,
by W. S. SPANTON.

May be obtained of all Artists' Colourmen throughout the Kingdom.

Price 1s. 6d.

Publ
o a

T

T

B

T

T

O

T

T

T

D

S

M

M

w

hi

ap

sh

d

CO

Published
to any ad

THE F
VAC

THE F
POW

BECAU

THE I

THE F

OUR I

THREE
LET

THE N

THE S

D'ART

SOCIAL

MADAM

COPI

Com
MURRA

All
when a
himself
applica

Ever
should
desired

JO

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s. 6d. post free to any address in the Postal Union. The Annual Subscription to Canada and Newfoundland is 20s., post free.

AUGUST 1920.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FOURTH DIMENSION. CH. VIII. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	129
THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT. By SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL	150
BECAUSE OF THE BERLIN CONGRESS. By M. EDITH DURHAM	155
THE LAMMERMOORS. By A. G. BRADLEY	161
THE PATRIOT. By DOUGLAS WALSH	174
OUR LENDING LIBRARY. By H. S. V. H.	192
THREE FOREIGNERS IN LONDON, 1584-1618. By MALCOLM LETTS	194
THE NAHRWAN CANAL. By F. KINGDON WARD	206
THE STORY OF SADI. By J. G. LOCKHART	210
D'ARTAGNAN AND MILADY. By LLOYD SANDERS	218
SOCIAL BRUSSELS AS I REMEMBER IT. By 'G'	228
MADAME GILBERT'S CANNIBAL. — V. By BENNET COPPLESTONE	240

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50A Albemarle Street, W. 1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted.

Every Contribution should be type-written on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail, Passenger and Freight Services.

TICKETS INTERCHANGEABLE.



PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL Sailings:—

From London and Marseilles to Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden and Bombay; to Colombo, Straits, China, Japan and Australasia. From London to Calcutta.

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (via Panama) or by Orient Line.

BRITISH INDIA Sailings:—

From London (R.A. Dock). To Calcutta, via Suez, Colombo and Madras, with connections: *Red Sea Ports, via Aden; Mauritius and Malabar Coast, via Colombo; Northern Coast Ports, Rangoon, Penang, Malay Ports and Singapore, via Madras; Arracan Ports, Rangoon, Moulmein and Straits, via Calcutta.* To Brisbane, via Colombo and Torres Straits. To Karachi, Bombay and Persian Gulf. To East Africa, via Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa and Zanzibar.

Address for all Passenger Business P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; for Freight or General Business P. & O. and B.I. Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

HOWARDS' ASPIRIN TABLETS

Aspirin is an extremely delicate product, requiring great care in its preparation, especially in Tablet form, and there are many tablets now being offered, some of foreign origin, which can really have little or no therapeutic effect upon the human system. Aspirin is certainly not a product with which risks should be taken, and to make sure of obtaining a

GENUINE, PURE, REALLY EFFICACIOUS

Aspirin Tablet which is easily digested and is of entirely British Manufacture, you should ask for Howards' Aspirin Tablets, which are prepared by a firm with 120 years' reputation for the purity of their products.

A leading Doctor says that the difference between Howards' and other Aspirin Tablets is "simply marvellous."

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD. (Est. 1797), ILFORD, LONDON.

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1920.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLUDGEONINGS.

I.

CHERRY began work on his new play, according to plan, humorously sensible that the Hun phrase indicated retreat. Hitherto, he had retired, so to speak, before his more notable advances in the literary field. Metaphorically speaking, he was in the habit of wrapping a wet towel round his head and 'sporting his oak.' Such seclusion was now, alas, denied him. He found himself interrupted twenty times in one morning. For a fortnight, he struggled desperately to rise above domestic trivialities which every woman knows are not really trivial. Incidentally he discovered the constant strain upon the nerves that housekeeping in these post war days imposes. Jess was unable to help him, because, as Welfare had predicted, she was very busy rehearsing her new part. Accordingly, it came to pass that two young persons were seriously overworking themselves, and thereby imperilling their common comfort and peace of mind. To make matters worse, social claims became more and more insistent. Both Jess and Cherry were friends of the sprightly Duchess of Sloden. Through her Jess achieved a sort of vogue amongst personages. Pellie acclaimed this as a gilt-edged advertisement. Jess found herself constantly paragraphed by aged, bearded journalists who, under some feminine pseudonym, write fluffy, misspelt, audacious letters in the illustrated weekly papers. Fan, for example, wrote to Melisande :

'MY OWNEY, DONEY MELLIE,—I s'pose you were 'normously bucked 'bout bein' seen walkin' with *the* Duchess (not the *naughty one*) and Miss Jessica Yeo in the park las' Sunday. You 'tended not to see me, poor lil' me in me best frock, 'cause I'd no undies on. My boy said: "Jess is a bit of allright." He tells me he's matey with her, but, lord luv a duck! I never believe *him*. A lil' bird whispers that Miss Yeo's noo frocks are frightf'ly excitin'. Deville and Dossiter. And more Deville than Dossiter—! But Jess, so my lil' songster twitters, is an angel girlie and madly in luv wiv' her hubby.'

Cherry cursed roundly when he read these personalities, but Jess was mildly amused.

'Aren't we to get all the fun we can out of ourselves?' she asked.

Alone, he had to admit that Jess had the livelier sense of humour and, physically, she seemed the stronger. Hard work agreed with her. Cherry had never flinched from hard work in his celibate days, because he had loved his work. He wanted to work now harder than ever, because his fees from the coster comedy were at an end. In a fury of energy, he interviewed every London manager, discovering to his mortification that they were more interested in his wife than himself. All of them listened politely to his reading of the play, and admitted frankly that the provincial returns justified a London production. Blandly they promised to 'consider' it later on. Meanwhile had Mr. Cherrington anything new—something with a leading part for Miss Jessica Yeo? Mr. Cherrington said ruefully to his wife:

'It comes to this, Jess. You're the only pebble on my beach.'

'What nonsense!'

'A stone-cold fact, a frozen conviction. I'm ice-bound.'

The common sense, inherited from her sire, constrained Jess to observe:

'Your innings will come, dearest. Let me score for a bit. Why should you try to score when I'm in?'

'Am I to wait till you're out?'

'My wonderful luck will turn.'

'With all my heart I hope not. And why should it? Welfare is right. I ought to be writing something for you, but—damn it!—I can't. I have the paralysing, back-breaking conviction that if I tackled that job it would be done with my tongue in my cheek, and the public would find me out. The sort of muck that

goes down is, in its way, sincere. I mean the writers are sincere. I know two famous novelists of the better sort who contemplated collaboration over a novel. A big publisher solemnly agreed to publish it under some girl's name. These fellows deliberately intended to pull the leg of the British public. They proposed to write down to the level of the million, to boom their stuff, to start controversy, to play the giddy goat all round the world. But, with brains and wide experience behind 'em, they couldn't keep it up. They hadn't sincerity.'

'I understand.'

'Welfare will write a play for you.'

'With his tongue in his cheek?'

'No. Welfare, in his way, is sincere. He likes to give the public what it wants. That's his *métier*. And his stuff is really good. I told him yesterday to go ahead.'

'You must go ahead with your play.'

'When?—and where?—and how?'

Ultimately he tried writing at night, and roughed out a first act which he read aloud to Jess. But if he was hoping for inspiration from her, she failed to supply it. The critical faculty is rare. It blooms, often, in otherwise arid pastures. Men and women, blessed or cursed with vivid imaginations, seldom possess it. Criticism, to be true and valuable, exacts wide knowledge of human nature, and a thorough apprehension of technique. A critic, moreover, must possess the sense of detachment, the power of standing aloof from personal prejudice and predilections.

Meanwhile the new production was launched. Hot weather, admittedly, kept Londoners out of theatres, but Orford professed himself satisfied. Jess achieved another triumph in an easy part. Orford sent for Cherrington a week later.

'Didn't you tell me that you were writing a comedy for your wife?'

Cherry had to confess that he was groaning and travelling over something else. Orford asked no questions. Obviously, his mind was full of Jess.

'If the right play came to me, I should give her the lead. I am delighted with her progress. She ascends gracefully into the blue. That is as it should be. Strictly between ourselves'—Cherry bowed—'I have no great faith in my new venture, because it's not new enough. I have two plays which I'm considering seriously. My main objection to both is that they contain no suitable part for Miss Yeo. I should like to give her a big chance. And if your

play held that, I should consider it with very lively interest. Surely you see my point ?'

Cherrington answered with slight irritation :

'I feel it even more than I see it, Mr. Orford.'

'Then give me, if you can, some idea of what you contemplated. You might be induced to shelve this new play, and go back to the other.'

Thus encouraged, Cherrington attempted the task most uncongenial to a dramatist : the exhibition of raw material not made up. But, greatly to his surprise, Orford showed enthusiasm.

'You are on the right lines.'

'No ; I am side-tracked. I suppose the explanation is simple enough. I can't use my wife as a lay figure. I shrink from exhibiting her. I find my imagination palsied. And, then, if I know myself I should fall back upon facts, attempting a genuine portrait.'

'That is what is wanted. What gets laughs in the theatre ? Not, not the witty epigrams, however cunningly composed, but the humorous touches which we all recognise instantly, the laughter-provoking quips of every-day life.'

Cherrington admitted this, adding pleasantly :

'If you would listen to my new play—— ?'

'With pleasure.'

Thus encouraged, Cherry attacked a more congenial theme with vigour. And he could see that Orford was interested. Instantly he responded, speaking fluently, conscious of increased power, sweeping on and on to an inevitable climax. When he finished, Orford applauded :

'When this play is written and polished, you must read it to me ; but, I tell you frankly, in my opinion you fly too high. If you can carry our playgoers with you, all is well, but they are earthy, my dear fellow, very earthy. However, God forbid that I should clip your wings.'

With this, Cherrington went his way. Jess happened to be engaged, so he lunched at The Buskin, and found himself seated next to Wrest, who said pleasant things about Miss Yeo. In the lounge afterwards, they smoked cigars together, and Wrest, after admitting that he preferred rose-growing to criticism, was beguiled into talking shop. Cherrington told him of his interview with Orford. Wrest chuckled cynically :

'Orford has sound judgment. Apparently, your path leads away from the box-office. Mark you, I say "apparently." All the same, it's my honest conviction that youth should be adven-

turous. Go for the big thing, for the seemingly unattainable, if—if you have pluck and endurance. Facile success falls like dew upon clever fellows. Welfare, by the way, was drinking champagne at luncheon. I like Welfare. And his work amuses me, the more so because it imposes no strain upon my intelligence. But the question for you to decide, what you alone can decide, is whether or not such success as Welfare has achieved will satisfy you.'

II.

Meanwhile, the smile of home became derisive. Writing at night is cumulatively exhausting. Cherry had never suffered from insomnia. But now, with brains over-stimulated, sleep came to him *pede claudo*. And he woke in the morning unrefreshed, dimly sensible that matutinal energies must be wasted upon servants and tradesmen. At luncheons and suppers his hosts or his guests expected from him a certain ebullition. In his own house or out of it he had to entertain others, do his 'bit,' although he might be aching with fatigue. Success imposed the unshrinkable penalty. Before marriage, he had carried a note-book in which he jotted down happy thoughts, anything and everything that appealed to his humour. Now, as housekeeper, he found himself cocking an eager ear for culinary tips, scribbling down recipes and addresses. The Duchess of Sloden talked to him about 'chiffons.' She helped him to 'run his show.' And it was a show, an exhibition of 'how to do it' in the interests of a rising star. Jess, of course, had to be 'spared.' That was part of her luck. No 'sparkle' was demanded of her off the stage. She wore her pretty frocks; she smiled, sunning herself in the smiles of others; she went up the social ladder hand over hand. The Yeo family were tremendously impressed. Mr. and Mrs. Yeo blinked at this dazzling daughter when they came to London to stay with her. Miss Jessica Yeo's husband and father and mother shared the uncomfortable conviction that they were rather out of it. Incidentally, Mrs. Yeo developed maternal affection and solicitude for her son-in-law. She divined that all was not well with him. Towards the close of their visit, she said to Mr. Yeo:

'Does Jess see what is going on under her nose?'

'Be more explicit, my dear Clarice.'

'I am thinking of poor Arthur. Isn't he burning the candle at both ends? He works at night. And he runs this house—admirably, we must admit.'

'I admit nothing,' replied Mr. Yeo testily. 'This house appears to me to be run extravagantly. These young people ought to be saving, not spending.'

'I ventured to say as much to Arthur, but he assured me that nowadays "splash" was expected. Sir Egerton Pell hinted that lobsters and oysters were part of the scheme.'

'What scheme?'

'The booming of Jess, of course.'

Mr. Yeo groaned, and then shrugged his massive shoulders, as he muttered:

'All this is not the right thing, Clarice, but we are helplessly out of date.'

Mrs. Yeo said solemnly:

'I have urged upon Arthur the expediency of engaging a cook-housekeeper, who would relieve him of household cares, but his present cook is a treasure. I will spare you the shock of telling you what he pays her.'

Some two months before this, Cherry had discharged the married couple who were feathering their own nest indefatigably. His present cook had been kitchenmaid to the Duchess of Sloden. To replace her with an elderly cook-housekeeper might offend a kind adviser and helper. The Duchess, truly democratic in all things unconnected with land, often popped into the kitchen, and heartened up her old servant. She presided over chafing-dish suppers with a skill that would have evoked commendation from Philippe Egalité. She said to Cherry:

'If you don't go it, you're gone.'

Cherry, not being a fool, knew well enough that Jess and he were trotting out of their class, but he hadn't the heart to refuse the invitations of personages, although there was no tincture of the snob in him or his wife. Junketting tired him horribly, and a young husband's vanity and pride prevented him from acknowledging this.

'I'm fed up,' he thought, 'but Jess isn't.'

And he remembered that she had never 'come out' during the years that the locust, war, had eaten. She was having the 'good time' of which she had been robbed as a spinster.

He finished the second act of his play. By this time acquaintance with Wrest had ripened into friendship. Wrest read the two acts and pronounced them good. He never indulged in superlatives. He said confidently:

'If you can keep this up, you're all right, my boy. You have plunged at once into your crisis, without bothering and tiresome retrospection. But, undeniably, you have stolen thunder from your unwritten third act. To whom are you sending this play when it's done?'

At the mention of Orford's name, Wrest shook his hoary head.

'He hasn't the pluck to do it. I believe I know your man.'

He mentioned one of the new managers, who had made much money out of a farce. But, apparently, Mr. Godfrey Ambrose was catholic in his tastes, and something of a 'highbrow.' Wrest whispered to Cherry that Ambrose had secured, as leading man, the finest emotional actor in the kingdom.

'Finish your play,' counselled Wrest, 'with him in your eye. I happen to know that Ambrose wants something out of the ordinary, and he is short of the right stuff. I shall mention you to him.'

'You are most awfully kind.'

'Get on with Act III.'

III.

But he couldn't.

There is no such tragedy as this in the life of a man of letters. To reach a definite point, to be in sight of shore, and then to find oneself stranded upon the reefs of indecision and impotence. The butter doesn't 'come' because the temperature is wrong. Cherry realised that his imaginative powers were chilled. What he wrote, under pressure, had to be scrapped. It wasn't 'right.' Hard work, unremitting quill-driving, couldn't make it right. For a time he dissembled with Jess. This imposed a further strain upon his diminishing energies, provoking dyspepsia and irritability. One night, after a supper party, he overheard a duologue between two gilded youths.

'Why did Jess marry this chap Cherrington?'

'Ask another, old bean. I'm told he carried her bag on tour.'

'He's a dull dog.'

Cherrington slipped away. Was he becoming a dull dog? He felt no rancour whatever against his accuser, merely curious to discover whether or not the scathing indictment were true. Did Jess find him dull? Dealing faithfully with this insistent question, others rose up like the teeth of Cadmus. How much time was spent with his wife? Were they happy together? Was the marriage

a success? Was it a real and lasting partnership? What was each getting out of it?

He lay awake that night for many hours. Jess slept placidly in the twin bed beside his. He switched on the softly shaded light and stared at her hungrily. Was she really his? If he died, would she suffer horribly? Would she miss him? Would she marry again?

He came slowly to the conclusion that she was happy independently of him. Success had made her so. Her obsession for the stage, for the counterfeit presentment of life, sufficed her. *Per contra*, want of success had made him miserable—a dull dog. A less honest, or a less clever man might have fenced with the truth, or evaded it. But Cherrington, by mere force of habit, had become analytical. And from boyhood he had exercised excellent powers of observation. Gazing at Jess, he picked up straw after straw which indicated the course of a current flowing steadily from him. Jess had made many friends; she was becoming dependent upon them; she accepted gladly invitations to houses where her husband was bored to tears; and—weightiest straw of all—she was affected by the temper of her audiences. A cold house chilled her to the bone.

Cherry switched off the light and closed his eyes. Ought he to blame himself or her for this drifting apart? A crueller thought assailed him. Had he inspired real love in her—selfless love? Had he inspired passion? Always she was sweet to him, but that was her characteristic. She was sweet to everybody. That alone assured her popularity. Pellie affirmed that her smile was worth fifty pounds a week. Very soon it would fetch that—on the screen! She had humour, an alert intelligence. . . .

With a natural revulsion of good feeling, he realised that he was appraising his wife, summing up her 'points,' actually looking for—blemishes! Acutely miserable, he focussed attention on himself. Why was he going to bits? Could he stop this disintegrating process? Could he shake himself free of tormenting thoughts? Ought he to consult some mind specialist?

Next day at breakfast, Jess noticed his heavy eyes and increasing pallor. He said curtly that he had not slept well.

'You will work late at night—!'

'When am I to work? My mornings are fully occupied, I can assure you.'

'Let me do the housekeeping.'

'You can't chuck your film work. You are the bread-winner.'

He was careful to keep bitterness out of his voice, but poignantly sensible that he had to play a part, that he dared not be entirely frank. Also, he was contemplating compromise.

'If you worked in the afternoon, dearest.'

'But I have to play about with you.'

'You don't have to.'

This was the opening he sought for. Very tentatively he moved a pawn:

'I have an idea.'

'For your third act?'

'Indirectly, it affects my third act. Miss Oldacre is in London. I saw her two days ago. She will do no work for a couple of months. You are very fond of her, Jess.'

'Fond of her! Who isn't?'

'She has taken rooms in rather a mean street.'

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

'And the darling loves comfort. And she is so clever. I am sure she could run this house admirably, if—if I left it.'

'If you left it——? Cherry—what do you mean? What are you driving at?'

'I am not driving at anything; I am being driven—down hill. Last night I hardly slept a wink, because I was thinking things out. For both our sakes, I must pull myself together. And if that involves wrenching myself from you, what do you say?'

For a moment Jess was incapable of speech. She realised instantly that she had been living in a fool's paradise. One sentence thrust her out of it. A weaker woman would have burst into tears which, possibly, might have melted Cherry's resolution. Perhaps she was too astounded to weep. And immediately the feminine instinct of ministration forced her to consider him first. A self-accounting must be postponed.

'You want to leave me?' she faltered.

He replied gravely.

'I want to do the wise thing.'

'Away from me?'

'Away from London. If I could take you with me——! But that is impossible. You have your engagements. And I have mine. Your engagements are with your public; mine are with myself. I am horribly dissatisfied with myself. For a couple of months I have been drifting like a log upon your stream. Log is

good. A log drifting down the wrong stream is useless. It may end in damming that stream. Directed aright, it reaches its destination—the saw-mill; it ceases to be a log; it accomplishes its destiny.'

'I am doing my best to follow you.'

'I propose this as an experiment. As an experiment I have tried it before. I have rushed away from London into the wilds of Wales and found what I wanted. If Miss Oldacre can take care of you for a couple of months I shall go to Dartmoor.'

'If you feel like that,' said Jess, 'I—I urge you to go.'

It would be idle to speculate on what might have happened, if Jess had not been summoned at this moment to the telephone. At the other end was a busy man, the manager of the film factory. Little did he guess that Jess was tempted to cancel her engagement with the firm there and then. To add to her distress, the manager kept her several minutes, giving instructions which she had to write down on paper. Whilst she was doing this, she heard the front door slam. Cherry, evidently, not within reach of Dartmoor, had rushed into Regent's Park. He left a pencilled note behind him.

'DARLING JESS (he wrote).—If I have upset you, forgive me. I am terribly upset myself. I shall cool myself down for an hour, and so will you. Bear this in mind: circumstances which we two can't control are driving us apart, for a short time only.

Always your loving,

'CHERRY.'

There are moments—critical moments—in the lives of many women when the exercise of the reasoning faculty becomes a disability. Ladies, who may deny this, are probably exceptions to the rule. Jess, for instance, left alone, confronted with a heart-breaking emergency, began to reason with herself. Had the manager of the film factory telephoned a few minutes later, it is likely that Jess would have acted first and thought about it afterwards; she would have obeyed the emotional, intuitional driving-power that the practice of her profession had developed. She wanted to fling herself into Cherry's arms, to comfort and console him, because she perceived that he was wretched and forlorn.

Instead, she went to her work, before Cherry returned from the park.

And she had leisure to reflect upon an abominable situation.

Appetite for such reflection increased as she chewed, so to speak, the cud of introspection. Being quite as honest as her husband, with courage equal to his if not greater inasmuch as, physically, she was the stronger, Jess faced the truth valiantly.

Cherry wanted to leave her.

From this point she reasoned logically ; but, unhappily, her reasoning was built upon the wrong premiss. Cherry wanted to leave an untenable position. In justice to Jess, it must be pointed out that a wrong premiss, under the circumstances, was almost unavoidable, because, in one sense, Cherry did want to leave Miss Jessica Yeo, but not Mrs. Cherrington. A woman with wider experience would have differentiated the two personalities. At the moment Jess was incapable of doing this. The hypercritical, at ease in their armchairs, may contend, further, that Jess ought to have seen, as her mother had seen, what was going on under her pretty nose. But here we must blame Cherrington, however lightly, because the good fellow had suppressed his feelings till they reached breaking point. Altruism generally breeds selfishness in the too preciously guarded object. Bear in mind, too, that hard work exacted from a very young woman requires almost undivided energies and attention.

If Cherry wanted to leave her, he must go. To this mast she nailed her flag, the flag of independence. She knew that her friends, Miss Oldacre, the Duchess, and the many women of the world with whom, of late, she had become intimate, would applaud this resolution. She could hear the sprightly tones of the Duchess.

‘My dear, if a man wants rope, give it to him. If he hangs himself, that is his affair.’

Being perfectly healthy and therefore optimistic, Jess decided that the two months on Dartmoor would rehabilitate Cherry. He had upset himself ; he must pick himself up. Inability to write was the tap root of the trouble, and if he had suffered from this before, and knew the right remedy, he was wise to apply it. He would come back to her, joyfully, when his play was finished to his satisfaction.

None the less, the stark truth gibbered at her. What he accounted to be his finest work could only be accomplished away from her.

Having reached this conclusion, as a wife, she began to survey the prospect from the professional point of view. What did his

work mean to Cherry? Was it a greater thing than his love for her? The corollary presented itself. What did her work mean to her and him? It meant, materially speaking, an income: it meant a delightful home, many friends, a measure of fame. To throw this to the winds would be an unconsidered act of folly. Loving her work, she could measure his love for work. What she could not measure, what eluded her persistently, was his love for her and her love for him. Since marriage, she had taken both for granted. What had made her happy? Success as an actress, or Cherry's never-failing solicitude? The answer to that must be left in abeyance. Clearly her love for Cherry had not counterbalanced a temporary inability to write.

They would meet at luncheon, alone. Possibly, quite probably, the cooling process of reflection might crystallise into common sense. Cherry, if he chose, could remain with her and cut loose from all distractions. Let him shut himself up in his own room, and lock the door against interruption. Somebody could be paid to relieve him of household duties and worries. She hoped that it might be so.

IV.

Cherry, however, failed to cool himself in Regent's Park, where the Furies harried him with beak and talons.

He watched the children sailing toy boats upon the pond, reflecting that Jess and he had embarked as lightly upon a summer sea, beneath stainless skies. Chill October had come, but the children were pushing off their tiny craft from the shore regardless of a rising wind and a falling glass. He watched, too, the derelicts of the great city stranded upon the grass, huddled up on the benches, foul blots upon a fair landscape aglow with autumnal tints. Beyond lay the Zoological Gardens, where great beasts paced up and down their narrow cages.

A wretched waif slunk up and asked for a few coppers to buy food. Obviously, he wanted drink. The dire craving for raw spirits glistened in eyes, on nose, and about his loose red lips.

'I'm an old soldier, sir.'

'A soldier of Fortune?'

'A soldier of Misfortune.'

From his accent, Cherry guessed that this scarecrow had been a gentleman. With half a crown he despatched him, hot foot, to

seek oblivion. When a lean claw closed over the piece of silver, the soldier of Misfortune said hoarsely :

‘ I wish you luck, sir.’

‘ Wish me pluck,’ replied Cherry.

He left the pond, and started to walk round the park. Jess was willing that he should leave her. Somehow, he had expected anything save calm acquiescence. If she had hurled herself into his arms, burst into tears, entreated him to stay, he might have reconsidered a too hasty determination to bolt. He tried to be fair to her. A surprise had been sprung on her, which might well cause mental and physical paralysis.

But—if she had loved him as he loved her ?

To exorcise this devil in rampant possession he contemplated another act of altruism. First and last, he must consider Jess. If he secured Miss Oldacre, he could leave his wife knowing that her comfort, at least, would be assured. An hour’s walking would take him to Miss Oldacre’s lodgings. At such an hour he would find her at home.

Leaving the park, he threaded swiftly the crowded streets between Gloucester Gate and Pimlico. As a rule the humours of the crowd tickled his fancy. To-day, he noted their ill-humours, the stolid faces, the apathetic gaits, the sullen indifference of the majority. London seemed to be horribly full of ugly people. When he reached Tottenham Court Road, he found a queue of impatient foot-passengers, awaiting the uplifted hand of a stout constable. A woman in front of him turned and glared at him.

‘ Who are you a-pushing ? ’ she asked.

Cherry lifted his hat, as he replied suavely :

‘ I am pushing you, madam, and the stout gentleman behind is pushing me, and somebody else, no doubt, is pushing him.’

He crossed the thoroughfare, and stood still. Feeling tired, he decided to take a ’bus as far as Victoria Station. He joined another queue, mostly women. When the right ’bus rolled up there was another scramble. An angular female pushed Cherry aside.

‘ If you appeal to violence, madam, I surrender.’

‘ No more room,’ shouted the conductor.

Cherry walked on, disgusted with London, and quite understanding why Timon hated Athens. At any moment it might rain, and he carried a stick in his hand instead of an umbrella. Passing the theatres in Charing Cross Road, he was reminded

disagreeably of his coster comedy which would now be running in the West End, if there were more playhouses. Another dozen, at least, ought to be built. How damnable that stuff should become shop-soiled and moth-eaten merely because the goods couldn't be exhibited.

In this unhappy frame of mind, Cherry reached his destination, a by-street out of St. George's Road. Looking for the right number, he stared at houses all exactly alike, grey and grim survivals of the earlier period of the nineteenth century. This, he supposed, was the place where everybody's great-grandfather—if they possessed one—had shot snipe. Obviously, the ducal owner had left this street as a notable example of how not to rebuild it.

Miss Oldacre was at home.

Cherry soon discovered, much to his satisfaction, that this wasn't the dear lady's home. She had let her flat in Battersea for the few months when she was on tour. The tour had ended earlier than she had expected. Graciousness and serenity triumphed over red velvet and antimacassars; it soared above stuffed tropical birds and a body brussels carpet; it warmed a room whose actual temperature remained obstinately at fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit.

'And how is my author?'

'Down and out.'

He laughed. This was a tremendous tribute to Nan Oldacre, but as yet she couldn't measure it.

'I laugh,' explained Cherry, 'because I want to cry. Perhaps I shall. Niobe couldn't spoil this carpet, could she?'

'That,' replied Miss Oldacre, 'is where the blessed doctrine of compensation smiles on me. I shall wallow in my flat after this. To appreciate home, one must leave it.'

'I am leaving mine.'

'Cherry——!'

He told his tale none too well, thereby impressing his kind listener the more. When he had finished he was distressed to note a grievous change. She sat before him a sad, old woman. Youth, the amazing attribute of the Oldacres, seemed to have forsaken her. Her first words were quavering.

'And you brought me roses!'

Passing Victoria Station, Cherry had stopped at a florist's to buy a big bunch of Marshal Niel roses.

'Perhaps I wanted to bribe you.'

'No; it wasn't that. With your own troubles heavy on you,

you thought of an old woman in shabby lodgings. I am more touched than I can say. It makes me miserable to think of you and little Jess unhappy. I was looking forward to seeing you together—in your home. As for me, I'll do what I can. It will be a pleasure, not a bother, to keep things going smoothly whilst you are away, but, my dear friend, must you go ?

'She urges me to go.'

'Ah! Some of us women say the wrong thing when we feel the right. Perhaps you ought to go. I love London, but I have hated it, longed to escape from the turmoil, the dirt, the smells, the unsmiling rows of houses.'

'That is how I am feeling exactly.'

She remained silent. Slowly the look of youth returned. Her voice recovered its soft inflections.

'I said once to Jess, when that jolly boy, George, was courting her in his robust way, that a clever woman ought not to marry a clever man. Jess is clever. How clever I can't say. Speaking professionally, I am not yet able to measure her. We have not seen her in a big part. Success may have spoiled her a little.'

'No; she is just the same. No blame rests on her. My vanity, I suppose, has brought me to this impasse. Her success has spoiled me. I want to make good, I must make good—on my own. If she were foot-loose, if she could come away with me, out of this hurly-burly, I should find myself again. That is impossible.'

'The pity of it!' murmured Miss Oldacre. After a long pause she spoke again, hesitatingly: 'Is it wise to leave such an attractive creature? I can't advise you about that. I feel instinctively that she needs you, perhaps more than she knows.'

'I wish to God I could think so. But—here's the rub—dare I accuse her of being wrapped up in her work? If I had an independent income——! I can't stick being supported by her.'

Miss Oldacre spoke at last with decision.

'I understand your position, you must work out your own salvation in your own way. I'll mother Jess.'

He kissed her hand very gratefully.

'What a woman you are! What an uplifter!'

Jess and he met at luncheon, but, unhappily, a maidservant was present. Jess hurried into the dining-room, looking—so her husband thought—rosily prosperous. Inasmuch as she had walked faster than usual, with a north-easter smacking her cheeks, high colour was not surprising. When the maid left the room, the

certainly of her speedy return wired down effervescing sensibilities. And, somehow, a fried sole, followed by a leg of mutton, served as a soporific rather than an excitant. When coffee was brought, husband and wife were ludicrously conscious that anything approximating to domestic drama was impossible. Nevertheless, what the French call *la scène obligatoire* had to be played.

'I have seen Miss Oldacre,' said Cherry, as he lit a cigarette. 'She will come here and make you ever so comfy.'

Jess thought: 'It is cut and dried.'

'I shall love to have her. I have tried to see things with your eyes. I accept this as an experiment in—in partnership. You are going to Dartmoor on business connected with the firm. The sooner you go, the sooner you will return.'

She said this with an odd air, as if she were rehearsing new lines. As a matter of fact they had not been rehearsed. They came suddenly into her head. Cherry nodded, puffing at his cigarette. Inwardly, he was fuming, growling to himself: 'She doesn't care a damn.' To make sure of this, he said lightly:

'I could go this afternoon.'

'Why not?'

'Exactly. Why not?'

Clever people continually play the fool with happiness in this cut-throat fashion. If they held their tongues, peace would re-establish itself. Jess got up from the table.

'I must see about getting your things ready.'

At the door she paused.

'You will find it bitterly cold on Dartmoor.'

'It is bitterly cold here.'

She went out. Each was playing a part. Each had decided that there must be no vulgar quarrel, no vituperation. Deliberately, they chose to ignore life, forgetting that life would not ignore them. The unhappy Cherry fortified himself with a glass of old brandy.

'Fifty below zero,' he muttered.

V.

He travelled as far as Exeter that day. Jess saw him off at Waterloo. At the last moment, some ice about their hearts melted. When Jess held up her face to be kissed, Cherry gripped

her. Instantly, she clung to him. A porter was grinning, but they didn't care.

'This is beastly,' said Cherry, 'but it seems the only way.'

'Yes, yes; you'll take care of yourself?'

He laughed oddly.

'I shall *now*. Jess, I hate to think that this is my fault, but you don't want half a man, do you? I shall come back—whole.'

'Tickets, please.'

He leaned out of the window, as the train began to move, smiling at his wife. She stood still, smiling faintly back, a dainty figure in her furs, alone amongst the crowd. That was the impression he carried with him as he sank back in his seat: he was leaving her alone.

Jess returned to her house and her work. Miss Oldacre would come to her on the morrow. Meanwhile she would have time to think. Cherry's almost indecent haste to escape perplexed her. She apprehended vaguely that she had been cold. Under warming pressure he would have lingered at least another twenty-four hours. Why had she been cold? She hated herself, recognising at last inherited defects. Her father had often appeared to her to be cold, aloof, difficult to understand. But, during his visit, when they met for the first time upon more equal terms, she had caught him looking at her with unmistakable love and solicitude in his keen old eyes. Possibly, all his long life he had suppressed feeling, said nothing when something was expected, 'bottled' himself up. She had bottled herself up. That was it. Groping here and there in the dark, probing her heart, wincing from the pain of it, she admitted reluctantly the essential fact: her absorption in her work, in herself, had blinded her. A great shock had made her mute. Had she been more prepared, she might have behaved differently.

Next day, a telegram from Cherry apprised her of his arrival at Chagford. It ended: 'Feel better already. Don't worry.' Miss Oldacre arrived at tea-time. That sagacious lady had adopted a plan of campaign. She intended to 'mother' Jess during the husband's absence, and to distract her as much as possible. She believed in the doctrine of work. Let Jess work. Let Cherry work. Ultimately they would come together again none the worse for a brief dissolution of partnership. To accept the inevitable with smiling resignation was part of her philosophy of life. She was prepared, however, for tears and explanations. Jess,

greatly to her relief, neither wept nor explained. She said calmly :

‘Dear Cherry had to go. I must make him think that he has done the wise thing. Then he will finish his play.’

‘You are a clever little woman.’

She might have added : ‘And something of a mystery.’

That thought occurred to her later when she tried to determine whether or not Jess’s attitude was assumed. Had the stage become such an obsession that acting was now second nature to her ?

She accompanied Jess to the theatre, and witnessed her performance in the new play.

‘You have come on,’ she said afterwards, ‘but I am not quite satisfied. Will you go over your part with me ?’

‘Of course. How sweet of you ! I acted better in Mr. Welfare’s comedy. Mr. Welfare is writing a play for me.’

This had been settled sometime before between Cherry and Welfare, with no conditions imposed. Welfare asked for a free hand. He said frankly :

‘I’m a rapid worker, and one of the new men has asked me for a play. I never talk about my work or show it till it’s done. I have Jess in my eye. But it’s not my job to engage her definitely.’

‘That’s quite all right,’ Cherry hastened to assure him. ‘Jess might not be able to leave Orford.’

‘Just so.’

Accordingly, Jess was unable to tell Miss Oldacre anything about Welfare’s play. Welfare said that he was ‘banging away’ at it. He hoped to submit the script to the manager—whose name must not be mentioned—in a few weeks. To all this Miss Oldacre listened attentively, wondering how far Jess could go. The fact that she had soared so high, might excite astonishment ; it could not be regarded as positive assurance of her becoming a star of the first magnitude.

Cherry wrote his first letter from Chagford.

‘DARLING LITTLE JESS,—I have found rooms in this delightful village. The place is full of comfortable lodging-houses, not so comfortable, I suspect, in summertime. What I believe is called “a decayed gentlewoman” is attending to my wants, which include large quantities of Devonshire cream. Little Mary is “swelling visibly.” I climbed up to the moor yesterday, gorgeously panoramic, immensely spacious, and surveyed several rather

disappointing tors whose names I forget. Last night I slept like a dormouse, and awoke a different being. I mean to win back sound health before I tackle my third act. For the moment I'm soaking myself in fresh air and atmosphere. I met an aggressively robust male wearing, apparently, his pyjamas (six degrees of frost this morning!), and he told me, chortling, that he nearly died in London six months ago. Both his lungs are healing. Bravo, Mother Nature! I shall play babe at her breast.

'I'm a bit hung up, Jess, chewing the end of my pen, and wondering what to say to you. Can't we put from us the memory of that hateful day? Scrap it? I bust, like the chameleon, when the poor little beastie was placed upon a Scotch tartan. *You didn't bust.* I sprung a disconcerting surprise on you. Forgive me! When I'm fit again I'll lie down and let you wipe your shoes on me. I feel in my bones that my luck is turning. I shall make good, as you have, bless you!

'Your faithful

'CHERRY.'

Jess read this epistle with bitter-sweet reflections. It resurrected the old, light-hearted Cherry of Manchester days. He had often told her that he was the slave of his environment. He had been, for example, unable to work at The Laurels. It gladdened her to think that he would make good at Chagford. But, to achieve this, and he would achieve it, he had been forced to leave his wife and his home. Did he miss her? And if so, why hadn't he said so? The suspicion rankled that he was rejoicing in his freedom, and too honest to pretend with her. She was tempted to show this letter to Miss Oldacre, and with it her heart. Pride prevented such an exposition. But she touched the fringe of it impersonally:

'Do you think that work comes first?' she asked. She had led up to this question skilfully, drawing from her old friend details of her earlier life.

Miss Oldacre considered the question, pensively.

'I really believe,' she replied, 'that our work, whatever it may be, is intended to come first. I mean that we are here to accomplish something. That something may be scrubbing boards or walking them. The main thing is to find the right work and do it, whatever it may be, to the best of our abilities.'

'Yes.'

No more was said at the time.

VI.

Shortly after Cherry's departure, in the middle of a *matinée* Mr. Pumford presented himself at the door of Jess's tiny dressing-room, and was not denied admittance.

'I'm seeing the show,' he said. 'You're fine—fine. I was right to pay you that salary, hay?'

'You paid it under protest, Mr. Pumford.'

'Did I? So I did. And now you're earning a longer screw. My heartiest congrats. Well, I popped in to tell you that I've signed on with Mr. Godfrey Ambrose. He's a winner, too.'

Jess smiled at him.

'I'm sure he's lucky to get you.'

'Thanks. No false modesty about me. He *is* lucky. Now look here, Miss Yeo, I've told Mr. Ambrose to watch you.'

Jess laughed.

'Really? Does he do what you tell him?'

'He's interested. I can't say more. Mum's the word, you understand?'

'Quite.'

'If he should send for you, don't dilly-dally. A hustler knows what he wants, and goes for it. Just between me and you, he's the coming manager—young, full o' ginger, and lots o' money behind him. You ain't tied up here?'

'Not yet.'

'Good.'

He bustled away, waving his pudgy hand.

Within a day or two another old friend appeared after the evening performance. George Apperton escorted Jess back to the house in Regent's Park Road, and stayed to supper.

He behaved—so Jess thought—admirably, reinstating himself as the 'pal,' and bringing a breeziness and jollity very welcome in November. He made love to Miss Oldacre, and admired everything in the house. Jess told him that her husband had bought all the furniture and given whole-souled energies to the scheme of decoration.

'Good old Cherry! Where is he?'

Jess replied calmly:

'He is writing a play on Dartmoor.'

George stared at the cosy dining-room, thinking of Cherry's book-lined room upstairs.

'But why can't he write his play at home?'

'Simply because he can't.'

'I suppose you are going to appear in it—on the lead?'

'No.'

'George was stupefied into silence from which he emerged presently with the air of one who has taken a plunge. A profound remark escaped his lips:

'This world is full of rummy people.'

Miss Oldacre, who dealt with platitudes faithfully—always returning a Roland for an Oliver—observed gravely:

'How empty it would be without them.'

(To be continued.)

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

BY SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

THE War has shown for one thing how thin is the veneer of so-called civilisation over the innate savagery of man.

The subsequent general social unrest has shown a further want of balance in mind, and an absence of the Christian spirit of consideration for others. Self-interest is the prevailing evil. The natural question arises: Is our education, whether secular or religious, on the right lines for remedying this?

On the religious side, churches and Sunday schools of all denominations have, during the past few years, realised a steady falling-off in attendances, especially on the part of men and boys—and as a result there is a growing absence of religious ideal or conscience among them. The evidence collected by the Bishop of Winchester among the chaplains at the front during the War confirms this disappointing conviction.

Twenty-five years ago it was my business to train young soldiers in the Army. Lads of all classes joined us fresh from their schools and equipped, according to plan, for their life's career. But although they had been taught to read, they had read nothing, except football news; they had been taught arithmetic—sufficient to enable them to bet; they had been taught writing, but not how to express themselves in writing. They fell to the first temptation that came in their way. They had not the slightest idea of being responsible for anything—whether themselves, their health, their pay or their duty; and the usual military training only went further towards making them still more irresponsible parts of a machine. One had to take them in hand and to teach them, first of all, how to be men before one could make true soldiers of them; otherwise they were just as summarised by that inimitable sergeant in *Punch* who, in addressing his recruit, said, 'Mon, your mind is made of dairt—and ye ken nothin'.'

God had given every one of them the eager desire to acquire knowledge and above all to *do* things. Man had merely imposed instruction in those things which he thought it desirable the boy should know.

On my part, I utilised and met half-way the enthusiasm

implanted by Nature in the lad, and through the romance and interest of scouting practices led him on individually to acquire for himself his efficiency as a fighting man. That was twenty-five years ago. Educational methods have been improved since then; but we must judge not by the merit of the steps that are taken, but by their results on the community. Do results to-day show that we are so very much better in the character and Christianity of our citizens?

Nor is it an adequate test to look back and compare with what we once were: our great aim should be to look *forward* and see what will be demanded of our oncoming generation, and to have them prepared on an adequate standard for shouldering those future responsibilities. It requires imagination to do this, and imagination has, unfortunately, not been one of the subjects encouraged in our own training.

The aim of education is to produce useful, happy assets to the commonwealth.

Through experience of the results of education on the average type of young man, one was driven to the conclusion that there should be seven not three objectives in education, and that even those three, though academically accepted as such, were not the most important nowadays. So that even before 'reading, writing, and arithmetic,' one is disposed to place character, handcraft, health, and service as of first value.

But character is a puzzler.

It is the all-important subject, but it cannot be taught by theoretical instruction to a class. It can only be done by drawing out (educating) the individual. The schoolmaster knows this well enough and, overtaxed already with his huge class of boys, he does his best, but it is a pretty hopeless task. He is further handicapped by the fact that he only has his boys for certain hours of the day, and in their out-of-school time so much of his teaching is neutralised by adverse surroundings and companionship in which the boys find themselves.

That is where a voluntary organisation can come to the assistance of teachers and parents, namely by supplying a healthy environment and healthy activities.

And to this end the system known as 'Scouting,' which was originally used for training young soldiers, has come to be applied to the training of young citizens—and already with equally happy results.

But nowadays when speaking of citizens we have to remember that women are taking their part with the men in the work of the world, and it is only fair to them and the community that they too should have equal chances with the boys of making themselves efficient. Therefore, the principles of Scouting have been applied to them in the movement known as the Girl Guides.

The term 'Scouting' is derived, I believe, from the old French word *escouter*, to listen, to acquire knowledge. The principles of Scouting are these:—

Aim.—To make happy and efficient citizens.

Method.—By getting the young people to train themselves in—

1. *Character*: i.e. Unselfishness, intelligence, self-respect, responsibility, sense of justice, balance of mind, appreciation of the beautiful in Nature and in Art—and all that tends to a broad and happy outlook.

2. *Health*: Physical development, self-care, and hygiene.

3. *Handcraft*: and technical skill.

4. *Service*: for others and the community.

These are inculcated by methods which directly appeal to the boys and girls, and are put into practice as a matter of self-expression rather than learnt as a theoretical lesson.

A series of badges for proficiency leads to special tests for higher qualities. Through these badges the boys are led on to develop skill in handicraft and to perfect themselves in many qualities.

But it is the spirit within, not the veneer without, that does it. And the spirit is there in every boy and every girl when you get at it, only it has to be discovered and brought to light.

The SCOUT PROMISE to carry out ON HIS HONOUR, as far as in him lies, the SCOUT LAW, is our binding disciplinary force, and with ninety-nine out of a hundred it pays.

THE SCOUT LAW.

1. A Scout's honour is to be trusted.
2. A Scout is loyal.
3. A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
4. A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.
5. A Scout is courteous.
6. A Scout is a friend to animals.
7. A Scout obeys orders.

8. A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.
9. A Scout is thrifty.
10. A Scout is clean in thought, word and deed.

Organisation.—By 'Troops' of about 30 to 40, grouped according to age and psychology of the child, thus :

<i>Boys</i> : Wolf Cubs	} under 10.	<i>Scouts</i>	} 11 to 15.	<i>Rovers</i>	} over 15½.
<i>Girls</i> : Brownies		<i>Guides</i>		<i>Rangers</i>	

These are officered entirely by voluntary workers who give their time and talents with whole-hearted energy to the work. The troops are subdivided into small units or 'patrols' of half a dozen under their own responsible boy or girl leaders. These leaders form the 'Court of Honour' in each troop on which devolve all questions of discipline and interior management, &c., under the general supervision of the scoutmaster or guider.

Here are learnt the first lessons in self-government.

The movement has been in existence eleven years, of which five were under the handicap of War. Yet both branches have gone ahead and have spread not only throughout our Empire, but to all parts of the world, and to-day number between them a million in training.

The War took some 60 per cent. of the officers of the Boy Scout Movement and practically all the older boys to serve their country. Some 10,000 of them gave their lives.

The reports subsequently received from their officers, and the large number of V.C.'s and other decorations and promotions received, showed that their training for good citizenship had incidentally made them the best of soldiers and sailors.

Their early practice in service for others no doubt contributed to this. In training the boys to deal with accidents, we inculcate ability as a first step towards confidence, and confidence as a first step towards courage.

All the same, the withdrawal of these boys made little perceptible difference in either the vitality or the efficiency of the movement. The younger ones stepped into the breach and shouldered their responsibilities.

Within a few hours of the declaration of War, the Land Scouts were mobilised in every part of the Kingdom to protect railway lines, telegraphs and water-works, to act as messengers to military and municipal offices and as orderlies to police and hospitals,

while the Sea Scouts were placed at the disposal of the Admiralty and took over the duties of the coastguards, who were thus released to join the Fleet at sea.

This was all voluntary service on the part of the boys, and speaks to the patriotism of the parents who allowed them to carry it on instead of drawing the huge wages which suddenly became available for boys at that time.

Detailed results of the training would take long to recite, but an opportunity will be given in the first week in August of this year for those interested in the training to see them demonstrated at the great 'Jamboree,' or Rally, of the Scouts at Olympia. Here many thousands of the boys will be gathered to show their handiwork and activities, and among them will be representatives from no fewer than twenty-six foreign countries—all of one Brotherhood, acting under a common ideal and in a fraternal spirit of goodwill.

Leagues and alliances between Governments may be thought binding instruments, but ante-war incidents have already shown that without the spirit of the people behind them they are not so strong as one would hope.

If the League of Nations is to be something more than a pleasant name, it must have that soul within it.

And when one sees these boys and girls of all nations meeting on a common footing, and moved with the same spirit, one cannot but hope that here at least lies one practical step in the direction of fostering the ideals for which any League of Nations should stand.

BECAUSE OF THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

A TRUE TALE; DEDICATED TO THE DRAWERS OF FRONTIERS.

BY M. EDITH DURHAM.

THE Berlin Congress dragged wearily along. Nominally, the Powers were met to settle the Near Eastern Question and to establish a possible peace. Nominally, in fact, this is the object of all Peace Conferences. Practically, however, each Power was there to outwit the other and make the best possible bargain for itself.

'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together,' is a motto that might be inscribed at the entrance of many a Conference chamber.

The Turk, in 1878, was by no means a carcass. But he was sufficiently weakened for whole limbs to be torn from him with impunity. And the eagles—double and single headed—lions, cocks, and other beasts and wildfowl, scrambled with each other for the gobbets. Nor was this in any way surprising; for this Congress differed in no particular from any other that the world has seen.

The land was there to be divided for the benefit of the dividers. None took heed of the wishes of the human cattle upon it, save only when their wishes happened to coincide with those of a Power great enough to enforce its claim.

It was a brilliant game—as one in which such wits as Beaconsfield and Bismarck moved the pawns, was bound to be.

But even of such a game, the players tire at last. Bismarck announced that a special train was awaiting him, and could wait no longer. Some attribute this remark to Beaconsfield. In either case, the result was the same. The final decisions had to be made; the final frontiers drawn.

What with claim and counterclaim; survey and re-survey; statistics convincingly proving one thing, and another set proving the converse, the draughtsmen had drawn and redrawn till they were sick of the sight of maps.

Finally, everyone being equally weary and no one foreseeing any further gains of importance to be acquired, it was agreed to split the remaining little differences, and split they were; for the resultant fragments were too small for any Power, worthy the

title of Great, to take the least interest in. So the Powers retired, sated for the time being, to digest, boa-constrictor-like, their gains till their appetites should again awaken. And left the split fragments to adapt themselves to the situation as best they could.

* * * * *

Stoyana climbed the rocky track to her hut quickly, and breathing hard. Not the climb, but indignation made her pant.

'Free country indeed!' she cried scornfully, as she swung the empty water-barrel from her shoulders and let it thump on the threshold. 'Free country! After all these years of fighting, and God knows what misery, they tell us we are freed from the Turks, and give our village to Gospodar Nikita (Prince Nikola of Montenegro). Pretty freedom indeed!'

'What is the matter, woman?' asked Labud, her husband, coming from the door and drawing his long *chibouk* from his mouth. 'What is all this noise about?'

'Noise!' cried Stoyana. 'You'd make a noise, I should think! I went to the spring to draw water, just as I have done ever since I was married to you and came here, and there in front of the well were a lot of Schwab (Austrian) soldiers. Terrible men. They shouted at me and would not let me come near the water. And I shouted at them. Then there came an officer, a fine gentleman, with gold braid on him, and he spoke Serb, and told me I must not cross the frontier. I told him the spring belonged to our village, and we must have water. He says the spring doesn't belong to our village now, it belongs to his Emperor. I said, "Then where are we to fetch water?" He said, "That is not my affair." And he said, "Now, don't you forget what I've told you, and tell your man not to let me catch him across the border. Your village is Montenegrin now, and you are to stay in your own land." That is what he said. By God it is true! Ask Marinka and Danitz, if you don't believe me!' shouted Stoyana, pointing to two more indignant women, who also were returning from a fruitless quest.

Their voices rose in shrill complaint.

'Hold your tongues!' cried Labud roughly. Of all things in the world he hated to be pestered by the affairs of the *chelyad* (womenfolk). 'If you can't get water there, you must go up to Gornyi Bunar for it.' He withdrew into the house and shut the door.

'Gornyi Bunar! Gornyi Bunar!' said Stoyana indignantly. 'Just like a man! Twenty minutes farther to go, . . . and he calmly says, "Go to Gornyi Bunar." Men don't have to fetch and carry. A lot he cares.'

But she durst not disobey; slung on her barrel again and started—this time climbing up the mountain—swearing between her teeth as she went.

Labud had said little, for he never discussed things with women; he merely gave orders. But he was truly filled with dismay by his wife's words. After years of guerilla fighting, he and his fellow clansmen had laid down their arms with the comfortable belief that now that the Turk was gone, earth would be a Paradise; that the Great Powers were almighty and beneficent beings, and would arrange all for the best.

Their faith had been rudely shaken when they found that though Labud's village had been assigned to Montenegro, his cousins' lands had fallen to the lot of Austria. The tribesmen at once sprang to arms again, and only after fighting that was fiercer than ever, was peace forced upon them.

The Austrian occupation was completed. Labud returned from the mountains to his village with a vague hope in his peasant brain that the Gospodar and Russia would see justice done to them. But now, when he realised that the frontier line actually ran between the village and the spring from which it had obtained its water for centuries, he was puzzled and gravely uneasy. Angered too, he vented his anger on the innocent Stoyana.

Trouble was ahead. The upper spring belonged to another village. The village would object to sharing it. A village council must be called. And the fact that foreign soldiers were so very near his home filled him with anxiety. Vaguely he wondered, as many another has since done, whether the results of a war in any way compensate for its miseries. Why could not the Seven Kings who, so he believed, ruled European affairs, have made inquiries before they made this unjust and intolerable frontier? Anyone could have told them if they had but asked. That he was a mere split difference, about which the Seven Kings neither knew nor cared, did not occur to him. Labud decided that he would call the village council at once, and send representatives to Cettinje to the Gospodar, who would certainly have the matter put right.

Several days passed. Troublous days, for the folk of Gornyi Bunar were by no means pleased to share their spring with another village. Just now it was all very well, but soon the heat and the drought would be on them and there would not be enough water for themselves, let alone for other people.

Labud smoked pipe after pipe, and none brought him counsel. The hut grew darker and darker. Night fell.

'Where are the boys?' he asked suddenly. 'Where are Boshko and Liubomir? It is time the sheep were folded for the night.'

'How should I know!' said Stoyana testily. She was busy with the supper in the big cauldron. 'Now that I have to go all the way to Gornyi Bunar for water how can I——'

'Hold your tongue, woman!' broke in Labud. As a Montenegrin of the old school, he never addressed his wife by her name. And Stoyana, as a modest woman, would rather have died than so far forget herself as to call him 'Labud.'

By way of stopping her complaints, Labud strode to the door and gazed out. The profound immensity of the blue night sky was all aglitter with stars, and along with them the world swung in space. The infinitesimally small question of the water supply of Gornyi Bunar made no difference whatever to the Universe.

Bleating and hustling over the rocky track, came the belated flock, following its shepherds.

'Oy Boshko! What do you mean by being so late? Do you expect me to wait supper all night for you? Get the sheep shut up, both of you, and look lively!' shouted Labud surlily.

'It's not our fault, father. By St. Peter, it is not! Liubomir and I have been miles after the sheep to-day. Three of them have gone astray——'

'And whose fault is that, I should like to know?'

'It was hot to-day, father. They are used to go and drink at the lower spring. They kept breaking away. We've been herding them back all day. Somehow, three slipped us. We've looked for them everywhere. I'm afraid they've gone over the frontier. We didn't dare go after them.'

'And curse you for a couple of fools! Why the devil couldn't you see they didn't stray? I'll go and look for them myself!' cried Labud furiously. He went back into the cottage and took his long flint-lock gun from its hook. Then hesitated, for the carrying of arms across the border was strictly forbidden. 'They can't refuse to give me my own sheep,' he said uncertainly. He

put the gun back, and started forth alone. And he never came back.

* * * * *

'Herr Hauptmann, may I speak to you?' said the corporal, saluting respectfully.

'What's the matter now?' asked the Captain of the frontier guard.

'Please, Herr Hauptmann, I reported to you this morning early, that the night patrol caught a man stealing sheep, and as he would not stop when they challenged him and tried to run away, they fired at him and, as it happened, killed him.'

'Quite right, too!' said the Captain shortly. 'They are celebrated *Hammeldiebe* (sheepstealers), these Montenegrins. We shall have to make an example of a few before they understand that they can't come raiding over the borders as they did in the days of the Turk.'

'But if you please, sir, it seems now that they were the man's own sheep, after all. There is a woman here—come about an hour ago—she is carrying on something shocking—beating her breast and clawing of her face. The sheep run down after the water, she says, and her husband he come after them.'

'Damnation! Then why in God's name couldn't the fellow have said so, when the patrol challenged him?'

'The patrol, please, sir, was all Hungarians, you know. They don't know the lingo of these parts. The man shouted at them a lot, they said, but they thought it was just his lip.'

Alas! With the idea of preventing any fraternising by the army of occupation with the men across the new frontier, some brilliant genius had been struck with the idea of employing troops who could not speak the local tongue. And this was the first result.

Labud was dead, and nothing could undo it.

The Captain, genuinely touched by the sight of poor Stoyana's wild distress, and anxious, moreover, to avoid frontier trouble, did his best. Labud's poor body was treated with all honour. But the dark and sullen tribesmen, who came to bear it away shoulder-high upon a rough bier, received all his explanations and proffered compensation with a cold, dead silence. And it was with a foreboding of trouble that he watched the long procession trail back into the mountains, wailing as it went.

Then a silence settled upon the border. A silence so long and

absolute that he hoped the affair was over and forgotten, until he was hastily summoned in the grey dawn after a moonless night, and saw the bodies of the corporal and one of his men swinging from the branch of a crooked oak, with purple faces and hideous protruded tongues.

Then he, in his turn, swore vengeance.

Neither the corporal nor his man had been concerned in the killing of Labud. And those who had killed Labud were only following orders. The machine devised at the Peace Congress—ignorant, inhuman, relentless—had been set going, and had caught and crushed in its grinchyng cogs three innocent men who happened to be standing near. Three men had died, and undying hatred had been born. Had died, in truth, as many more will die—because of the United Wisdom and the Split Differences of a Great Peace Conference. It is at such that wars are made. For war is the result of an infinite number of small hatreds.

W
L
f
o
p
f
c
m
c
i
m
m
t
k
s
a
t
t

i
o
i
S
a
n
p
y
t
w
p
p
s
m
t
h
c
l
o
w
c
w
c
V

Property of
Public Library

THE LAMMERMOORS.

WHETHER or no, supported by the late Mr. Gladstone, 'The Bride of Lammermoor' be our favourite among the Waverley Novels, the famous tragedy will no doubt survive the disparaging condescension of the modern. The very artlessness, or, if you like, insipidity of poor Lucy Ashton, may well have been designed to add dramatic force to the final crash when she leaps suddenly from a gentle persecuted nonentity to a gibbering maniac, and with the blow of a knife, mysteriously dealt, brings desolation upon two great Houses, concurrently with her own untimely fate. If Lucy had probed her inmost soul for, say, two hundred pages, after the manner of some modern heroines in fiction, we should have been prepared for anything, and possibly even glad to bury her in that East Lothian kirkyard! But held, as it were, in reserve, as a young girl too simple and undeveloped to demand elaboration, the effect is surely all the greater, when at one fell swoop she shatters practically the whole company upon her stage.

The author might well be credited with his own dramatic sense in thus leaving his heroine as an almost negative quantity instead of being confronted with her as a leading instance of his supposed inadequate treatment of young ladies, as is sometimes the case. Scott was admittedly not a 'ladies' man' till fame and middle-age brought him social intimacy, platonic and literary, with notable women of all kinds. The story can well bear too the precociously hypersensitive gloom of Edgar Ravenswood, whose years one might think too few for the despairing part he is required to play. But Caleb Balderstone is, of course, among the immortals, while Craigengelt is an admirable portrayal of the swaggering *petit-maitre*, the cringing parasite of his time. Nor would it be presumptuous to say that few Englishmen know enough of the social and political Scotland of that day to appreciate the admirable picture of it which the novel suggests, perhaps rather than labours, a point generally recognised, I think, by Scott's countrymen. Nor, among the latter at any rate, does the tragedy lose anything from the romantic scenes in which it is laid—scenes which lie within the orbit of innumerable Scotsmen, and yet curiously enough are known intimately to so few. That the story was founded on fact, though shifted from the west to the east coast of Scotland, while all in its favour to the historically

minded, in no way lessens the topographical interest so peculiarly strong in all Scott's fiction. For surely no great master ever 'felt' a country as he did his own, or was so keenly alive to local atmosphere!

What a field, too, was his, and how he illumined it, for such at any rate as are fortunate enough to have the response within them! But whatever the place of the novel, the once-famous opera to which it inspired Donizetti set its characters upon a wider stage than even Scott's pen could reach. Edgar and Lucy figured upon the boards of every country in the Old World and the New for a couple of generations. The last refuge of the last Ravenswood, the storm-beaten Wolf's Crag, the bosky Lammermoor glen where the lovers plighted their troth, have been at some time or other, as scene-painters have fancied them, exposed by the rising curtain of every opera-house in Europe and America. A Scottish author has recently stated that, during many pre-war visits to Germany, he was constantly being asked about the local environment of the novel and the opera, which would seem to have fired the Teutonic imagination. Though familiar with it for nearly all my life, I never heard the faintest curiosity in the matter expressed by an English lover of Scott. Practically no one in the South knows what or where the Lammermoors are, or ever heard of Fast Castle, the original of Wolf's Crag. Not very many know the South of Scotland at all, outside Edinburgh and Glasgow and the east coast golf-courses. Abbotsford and Melrose, to be sure, are frequent objects of hasty pilgrimage, while a stray enthusiast, inspired by Scott, Wordsworth, Wilson, or ballad literature, may push up to St. Mary's Loch and look out over Ettrick or Yarrow.

Yet the Lammermoors command as an ever-conspicuous up-lifted background the three counties of Berwick, East and Mid-Lothian; and even more, they effectually sever, with their forty-mile belt of wide and lofty moorland, the first of these counties from the two last. Untrodden by the foot of tourist and carrying heavy stocks of grouse, every traveller from King's Cross to Edinburgh cuts through, though quite absentmindedly, their eastern horn, which ultimately drops sheer into the North Sea in that long barrier of awesome cliffs about St. Abb's, held by Sir Archibald Geikie to be without rival upon the whole east coast of Britain. It is under the grim shadow of these terrific storm-beaten precipices, and some half-dozen trackless miles from the railroad, that the scant remains of Fast Castle still cling precariously to the

crown of a pulpit rock. Indeed, as the express train bounds along this eastward pass through the Lammermoors, by way of the charming little woody glens of the Eye and the Pease burns, which part the watershed and carry both the railway and the Great North Road through this moorland barrier, there is scant opportunity for taking note of the wild uplands lying back on either hand. In a quarter of an hour, when northward bound, one is through and out of it again and speeding down into the fat and famous fields of East Lothian. The sea, which has been left some half-hour since, below the red cliffs of Berwick-bounds, after encircling the broad peninsula of 'Coldinghamshire,' with its great farms, its grouse moors, its noble abbey, its fishing fleets, and its fearsome cliffs, has come back to the very feet of the traveller by road or rail. Now, however, it washes but a low-lying shore, rugged enough with Red Sandstone crags and reefs, but rarely rising to cliff dignity, and for nearly the whole fifty miles to Edinburgh interspersed at times with those stretches of sward and sandy dune which have made it classic soil to the Scottish golfer. As you here strike into this narrow end of East Lothian, the Lammermoors at once forge away leftward from the sea to pursue that long semicircular sweep which fences in the entire county upon its inland and southern side with a deep impenetrable barrier, only to be negotiated by serious traffic at this eastern corner. And this same trough, known of old as the Pease Pass, which nearly everybody slips carelessly through, asleep or awake, at one time or another, was of yore the chief route of invading armies into the heart of Scotland. It was also their chief danger and the main hope of Scottish defence. Self-constituted war correspondents with Tudor armies have left quaint pictures of its difficulties in advance and attack, and of its holding bogs and dense brush. It held up Cromwell for a time, and he sent home word it was the worst business he had yet encountered. But it was better than the high wild Lammermoor uplands, which were surmountable at no single point in all their forty-mile course by baggage trains if not by cavalry, while, furthermore, this low pass and coast route had sea transport close at hand.

Lastly, this Pease Pass is occasionally portrayed in local guide-books as that mentioned in the opening sentence of 'The Bride of Lammermoor'¹; while the remains of a tower built for defence

¹ Some hold that Dunglass, situated at the entrance to this Pass, suggested the 'Ravenswood' of the novel. In such case Scott's own words referred to later in this article must be ignored.

near the East Lothian entry are depicted on post cards for confiding trippers from Berwick, Dunbar, or Edinburgh as the original of Ravenswood House! An unlikely spot for the affluent Lord Keeper and his haughty dame, with their political and social ambitions, even had Scott himself not placed it in his text some fifteen miles away! Possibly the fact of the manuscript of the novel having been preserved till recently in Dunglass House near by may have prompted so easily imposed a fancy. Banditti flourished and thrived about the Pease Pass, as was inevitable to a long woody defile on an international highway. But Northumbrian raiders, with the Berwick garrison and an unfordable Tweed behind them, probably troubled it little. Still less would they have left the Merse and faced the main range of the Lammermoors, which so effectively guarded with its forty-mile rampart not merely East Lothian, but the whole Edinburgh country behind it. This will be plain enough to anyone, with his eyes open, travelling northward by road or rail through the trim and matchless tillage of the Lothians: for, away on his left hand, always filling in the long horizon, till Edinburgh is drawing near, are the long billowy outlines of this moorland waste. It is on one of these gaps in the skyline, from which a thin red trail can be seen, even with the naked eye from the shores of the Firth, to drop precipitously, that Scott most probably had his eye when he wrote the opening lines of the novel; the only pass—such as it is—in present or bygone use through these deep and glorious solitudes between that of the Sutra in Midlothian, where the motor road climbs nearly 1000 feet, and the Pease Pass in Berwickshire. With a span of forty miles and a width of eight or ten, this great solitary mass of upland thus thrusts itself between and effectually divides two of the most highly cultivated regions in the best-farmed country, on a great scale, in Britain, possibly in the world. From its southern rim you look out over the whole wide vale of Tweed and the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the Northumbrian Cheviots mounting nearly 3000 feet into the sky beyond them. From its northern brink, though a far cry from the other over heathery hills and burn-fretted vales, the whole rich plain of Lothian, and beyond it the full sweep of the Firth of Forth with the shapely hills of Fife rising boldly along its northern shore, open out a wide and noble prospect. It is beneath the highest of these sentinel hills upon this northern brink that Scott approximately indicates the Ravenswood of his fancy, and from the cairn on this

same Lammerlaw, some 1780 feet above sea-level, a lonely, unvisited perch, wrapped in a blaze of heather, and alive with the call of uneasy grouse and the whistle of restless curlews, you may see all over the old heart of Scotland. The smoke cloud of Edinburgh hangs about the foot of Arthur's Seat, that huge lion couchant, with the Pentlands rising sharply behind it. Beyond the broken uplands, far away westward, of this same Lammermoor range, where gather the waters of Leader and Gala, of the East Lothian Tyne and Midlothian Esk, one sees the massed hills of Peeblesshire and the bold Ochil mountains over Stirling, while in clear weather the outline of the distant Grampians can be clearly traced. The scene in itself is spacious and imposing enough, but is there any other in the historic half of Scotland that to the fervid Scot would be quite so inspiring and significant? I doubt it. Yet few enough even of such enthusiasts ever find their way up here. The grouse, the curlew, the sheep, the shepherds, and the occasional sportsmen have the whole of it pretty much to themselves. Yet what chapters of Scottish history have been written within sight of this high moorland parapet! Almost every actor on its roll since recorded time began has played a part on the great natural stage below us. Every bit of it, by land or sea, is steeped in story. Kings and queens, warriors, statesmen, heroes, heroines, scoundrels and victims, priests and preachers, Catholic and Calvinist, battle and murder, legend and song, spring to the mind as the eye ranges from Edinburgh to the far headland of St. Abb's, and over the broad Firth to the long roll of the Fife hills. Familiar landmarks would fill a page of print. Nor, again, is it only the pageant of history that so stirs one here. For if agriculture can have a romantic side, nowhere is it more conspicuously written than in the rolling red plain so thickly sprinkled with the woodlands of great country-seats that East Lothian spreads beneath one's feet to the very edge of the broad and glistening Firth.

The material rise of Scotland from poverty to wealth in the eighteenth century reads like a fairy-tale and is little realised abroad, though Scott touches lightly on it again and again. The complete transformation of agriculture was far more wonderful than the development of sea-borne trade which became almost inevitable under the Union. As late as the second George, the few Scottish lairds and nobles who pushed their slow horseback way to London along this very route beneath us, by Haddington

and Dunbar, found much to depress them when they got there. With a few notable exceptions, the inadequacy of their rent-rolls for the demands of English society was bitterly felt. The obvious cause of it, too, was a source of chagrin not altogether devoid of self-reproach to the Scottish laird as he rode through the trim and well-tilled fields and ample woodland of the East Midlands and Hertfordshire. Contemporary literature, memoirs, autobiographies sound the frequent note. Even in the Lothians and the Merse, the least backward regions, primitive ploughs and harrows were still tied to the tails of ill-fed horses. Their undrained sodden lands at a money rent fetched 2s. 6d. to 5s. an acre, and the ewes were regularly milked! Yet more, the lairds were bound in the toils of usurious lawyers, whose dumfounding phraseology, as Scott has so inimitably shown, added to the terrors of their grip. How the Lowland lairds, aroused by their growing acquaintance with English conditions, metaphorically and some times even literally, took off their coats; how the frenzy of land improvement and tree planting spread gradually over Southern Scotland; how English bailiffs and even labourers were imported to teach the new system to reluctant tenants and still more prejudiced hinds, and how both were converted to become within three or four generations the best farmers and farm servants in the world, is a really stirring tale, and as told in contemporary literature an extremely entertaining one. I feel sure it has no parallel within recent times. For before the death of the third George and within almost the span of a single long life the tables were completely turned. The Lowland laird, as he posted up to London along the now smooth North Road, had no longer cause to envy the English squire with his pound or thirty shilling rents. If he came from the most favoured counties, he was himself receiving double that, and was to get more still. The once benighted Scottish farmer was becoming a critic, and a rather severe one, of Southern agriculture. Nor was it long before agricultural England frankly recognised the situation and sent up their youth by the score to sit at his feet. All Europe recognised it, and many an heir to estates in Scandinavia, France, and Germany could have been met half a century ago domiciled in a Lothian farmhouse for what it could teach them. And by that time £5 an acre was no uncommon rent for a big East Lothian farm, and round about £4 was usual—and even this aroused a keen competition among clever farmers with ample capital. Rents are much the same

now throughout the whole country visible from the northern brink of the Lammermoors. Now Norfolk has been always rated as one of the representative counties of Southern agriculture. The average rental of that county was recently found to be £1 per acre ! The Scottish laird has surely had his revenge for all the snubs and humiliations his enforced parsimony brought on him in the days of Bute !

Finally, it may be recalled that the flow of money into eighteenth-century Scotland, which assisted the agriculturists to perform such prodigies, was due mainly to the sea-borne trade promoted by the Union and to the ' nabobs ' from the East and West Indies, whom we all know caused such a flutter among the social doves of Britain. Their benign influence was no doubt overlooked at the moment by their poor and proud neighbours in Scotland. And one may suspect that the numerous landed families, founded by acquisitive and none too honest lawyers, most loudly resented their intrusion !

Now it was just here, somewhere below Lammerlaw, that Scott, if his own statement means anything, placed his ' Ravenswood,' the home of his heroine, which her father, the Lord Keeper, had acquired in the wreck of that ancient House, leaving its sole representative, as will be remembered, master of nothing but the grim fortalice under the cliffs of St. Abb's. Two ancient seats are hereabouts, and they alone may claim to have thus seized his fancy. The one is Yester, right under Lammerlaw, the famous seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale ; the other Nunraw, an old abiding-place of another branch of the Hay family. Though three or four miles westward along the foot of the range, the former has far the preference among Scotsmen in the controversies that from time to time break out upon the subject. Naturally, as the great estate of a conspicuous noble family it is well known. The other, though a fine old Scottish mansion, partly modernised within my memory, is a comparatively small estate, and, moreover, being more out of the world, is probably unknown to almost all who take part in the controversy. A more beautiful situation it would be hard to imagine, and Scott must have seen it with the village of Garvald nestling below as he passed along the foot of the Lammermoors towards Dunbar. But it is here that the Pass he speaks of—the only one through the high Lammermoors from the Merse—descends sharply into East Lothian, showing, as I have said, the steep red trail dropping down from the wilds as far away as the distant sea—

coast. It is still the only road through the moors into Berwickshire, more suited for the saddle than wheels. I used occasionally to ride over it nearly half a century ago, but I have lived to negotiate it on a bicycle, and I fancy even cars get through now. But after all, Scott knew Yester, and Gifford its tributary village well, and save for the fact that he tells us in Chapter XX through the mouth of Craigenelt that Ravenswood lay between Lammerlaw and Traprainlaw, just to the west of Garvald, he had no cause further to dot his 'i's' and cross his 't's.' Nor will such precision interest the general reader, who is not at all likely ever to set foot on the Lammermoors, though, as already stated, he sees distinctly these particular heights every time he goes to Edinburgh by this route, and at greater leisure and with still more clarity every time he plays golf at North Berwick or Gullane.

Scott, of course, knew Gifford, for was it not there in the woody glen of the Gifford Water, in the policies of Yester, that the arrogant Marmion encountered, to his own worsting, the supposititious goblin warrior in the dead of night? And it was by this lonely ten-mile pass aforementioned that Marmion with his band, including the demon who worsted him, crossed the Lammermoors from Norham-on-Tweed to Gifford, on his way to beard King James at Edinburgh, in that fateful pause before the slaughter of Flodden in which both the real king and the fictitious hero fell. The inn at Gifford sheltered the haughty English envoy and his company on that adventurous night, and that I remember as a mere pot-house, and with good cause. For at a tender age, when Marmion and the Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton were very live persons indeed, I walked right across East Lothian on a winter day, in company with a friend who cared nothing for Marmions or Ravenswoods but a good deal for pedestrian feats. When we demanded bed and board at the inn which fancy had so often pictured, the landlord proved a very different person from the genial obsequious antiquary who had regaled Marmion's party with legends and good cheer. He proved a surly boor, who had certainly never heard of Marmion, and regarded us and our knapsacks with suspicion as a couple of young lunatics on this drear winter evening, and gave us what little he had to offer with a bad grace. We were eyed askance by the horny-handed and thirsty hinds who filled the only warmed room in the house, the bar. They were not voluble Celtic peasants with which some people who should really know better seem to imagine Scotland peopled, but dour Lowland hinds of Saxon origin,

with amenities rigorously suppressed. They were not the least interested in the demon-haunted glen, but the landlord next morning condescended to indicate the road to it, and we saw it in a snow-storm and walked home in one, which pleased my companion, as the sense of achievement was greater.

The last time I was at Gifford, not so very long ago, the leaves were mantling thick beneath a summer sky in the Goblin Glen, and the Gifford Water was glancing brightly beneath them in the sunshine. But whether Edgar and Lucy made their ill-fated vows beside its waters or by those of the winsome burn in the woods of Nunraw, or whether Lucy's dust lies in the kirkyard of Gifford or Garvald, may be left to the pleasing fancies of those few who are familiar with both of these romantic spots. But at Gifford our once inhospitable tavern has blossomed out into a well-furnished hostelry with an obviously welcoming eye on visitors from Haddington or even Edinburgh.

And what of the interior of the Lammermoors!—that long swell of grouse moor and sheep pasture between the northern rim looking down over the Lothians and the Firth, to the Fife hills, and that other one at the south, which commands the whole basin of the Tweed and confronts the Northumbrian Cheviots, though these in truth are plain enough from most high points within the range. Indeed, on a clear day I have seen from one or other of them both the Grampians and the Cheviots. As the lowlands on each side are a picture of high tillage farming nowhere approached in the South, so is this lonesome barrier which divides them the realm of great and skilful sheep-farmers, who count their sheep by thousands and their farms by square miles.

From Lauderdale, their western boundary, the Lammermoors cover to the eastward an area of perhaps 300 square miles. Over much of this the great sheep-farms and far-spreading grouse moors make for a solitude as profound as the heart could wish. Miles of heather drape the higher hills, while peat-stained amber streams sparkle in every glen; now upon a carpet of gorse, heath and bright peat mosses spangled with bog flowers, or betimes resounding in rocky gorges, umbrageous with native oak and ash, with willow, birch, and larch. First and chief of these streams is the Whiteadder, which, fed by many a lusty burn, urges its swift waters by tortuous courses right through the range, from its high East Lothian rim to emerge into Berwickshire a wide, turbulent, rock-bottomed river, and for another fifteen miles right through the fat farming lands

and smooth parks of the Merse to maintain its impetuous character, till it makes its last rush over open meadows into the lowest reach of the Tweed within Berwick-bounds. A more prolific and fascinating trouting river does not exist in Britain, from its source to its mouth. Following a widely prevalent tradition in Southern Scotland, it has been 'free water' from time immemorial. It is as full of fish to-day as it was fifty years ago, though the most trout-fishing community on the face of the earth draw vast tributes from it every season. The Whiteadder is a classic stream among Border anglers from the Firth to the Tyne, and I will say no more. As a classic stream in a literary sense for all its beauty it has no renown. Indeed, the Lammermoors generally, save for a noted ballad or two on the Leader, would find small place in an anthology of Scottish or Border song. For one thing they were outside the 'raiding' country, whose heroes provoked such a flow of spirited and martial verse. Hays, Humes, and Hepburns fought one another at times in its wastes, if place-names and traditions are to be believed. But only one pitched battle with Northumbrians, celebrated in verse by the way for a dramatic incident, and surviving in the Twin-law cairns, seems to have left its mark on the Lammermoors.

The gentler bards of note, ancient and modern, who have warbled so mellifluously on Ettrick and Esk, on Teviot and Yarrow, had small knowledge apparently of these eastern hills. But Berwickshire has no lack of singers of her own. No fewer than seventy appear in a modern collection which I have handled and read, beginning with 'Auld Maitland,' whose famous 'tower' still looks down on Lauderdale, and himself quite a noted poet in his day, down to Lady John Scott, who died within easy memory. This lady, who was a Spottiswood of that ilk, an ancient seat on the southern slope of the Lammermoors, spent a longish widowhood there in possession, and invoked her native hills in much impassioned verse. She also wrote, or rather re-wrote, and published the 'Annie Laurie' that we all know. The rest of these dead Berwickshire bards are, if memory serves me, unknown to fame, but many of them in artless verse, and in the Doric for choice, proclaim their affection for the wild moors on or under which they were born and bred, as well they may.

One or two little hamlets, two or three small parish kirks, where in days gone by colliers formed a conspicuous element in the congregation, lie just within the hills. The 'farm places' with their

sheltering groves, though mostly near the edge of the range, and linked by private roads with the world below, are planted sometimes in the heart of the wild. One of the most notable families, for generations kings in this sheep world, lay thus midway on the single through road, already alluded to, and lavished old-fashioned hospitalities at the very spot where it was most welcome in the long rough journey.

A mere nodding acquaintance made it a high misdemeanour to ride past the ever-open door, and on so lonely a trail this could hardly be done unseen. If a meal were due there were always spare places ready laid, and a refusal was unthinkable, for the insistently hospitable pride of a great Lammermoor sheep-farmer was not lightly to be countered. And these were the days, for I am speaking now of the 'seventies, when dinner was succeeded by the kettle and the rummers and the silver ladles, and such whisky as has long ceased to exist! Then—well, if by some rare chance an unseasoned Southron, you had to exercise tact and discretion, till it was allowable to order your horse!

But the rummers and the ladles are now things of long ago in these counties. They repose as heirlooms in glass-cases, and the present generation scarcely know what they signify. So too in these East Lowland counties have things changed with the peasantry both on hill and plain. Tam-o'-shanter bonnets have gone, the plaid has given place to the mackintosh, the porridge bowl, that provided the labourers' basic diet, had practically vanished long before the war. So too had the 'milk of a cow,' once to their great benefit the part wage of nearly every labourer's family. This has long been commuted for money payment, and the contents of the grocer's cart substituted for the old nourishing diet, while anæmic baker's bread has taken the place of the home-baked loaf of old. This abandonment of porridge by the labourers, while their English equivalents have taken to it, or specious imitations of it, pretty generally, to say nothing of the higher classes everywhere on both sides of the Atlantic, is curious. There is no good reason whatever for so undesirable a change, but the bucolic mind seems to associate oatmeal with the lowlier position occupied by the hind and the shepherd in former days. Its undoubted value is, in short, sacrificed to false pride and ignorance.

But to return to Scott and the novel, for a glance at the inspiring original of 'Wolf's Crag,' crouching as it does upon the sea-front of Coldingham Moor, a wild heath-clad upland beyond the Pease

Pass and the main line which forms the eastern horn of the Lammermoors, and drops, as already noted, with fearsome precipices into the North Sea. No trail approaches it, no finger-posts give a hint of its existence. A rough road leads to a sheep-farm, and thence the rare visitor must find his way down over a mile of pasture, heather, and stone dykes to a gap in the cliffs, which eventually terminates in a precipice some eighty feet above the sea. Linked to this by a short natural bridge three or four feet wide, over which a drawbridge once swung, is the precipitous rock to whose narrow crown the scant remains of the little castle still cling. The transit, though short, is not adapted to an unsteady head. In a high wind it is not altogether pleasant for the steadiest one. I doubt if on the whole coast of Britain there is any spot, occupied privately or officially, and garrisoned as was this for centuries, so absolutely gruesome. In a gale from the north or east, of which I was once a privileged witness here, it is a scene of magnificent horror. The ruin itself is clouded in spray and wrack, and against the overhanging cliffs the waves, raging from their protracted struggle over long layers of jagged sunken reefs, hurl themselves high with incredible fury, and fling rocks and pebbles against their battered sides with the noise and uproar of heavy guns, or bellow in the deep caverns, haunts of otters, sea-fowl, and wild pigeons, that undermine their base. Gloomy enough cliffs are these in any case, since, facing northward, the sunshine of even high summer rarely touches their grim fronts. Even on a sunny August day, and one such comes vividly back to me, the utter solitude of this lonesome spot moves one equally, if in less thrilling fashion, than in the uproar of a storm.

Away eastward to St. Abb's Head nothing is visible but a succession of these beetling cliffs falling sheer into the sea. Great crags that the storms of unnumbered ages have torn away shoot out here and there from their feet, and raise their sharp serrated backs high above the water, the perch of innumerable sea-fowl, strung out along their summits like ropes of pearl.

Beneath the sea's calm surface on a day like this, and looking down from the castle rock, you can mark well its cruel gridironed and jagged floor craning out far seaward, and realise, if even such further evidence were needed, the sailor's dread of these fearsome headlands as in ugly weather he rounds this southern corner of the Firth. Looking westward from the castle the cliffs run lower, though scarcely less menacing, but in August the steep above them

are
in s
mile
San
to t
brie
and
so i
the
was
his p
agai
sadd
Cold
drov
ill-p
has
woul
situa
take
alwa
saw,
was
ing,
Cold
recog
these
Jame
by co
envoy
' A b
now,
soon
and
oblivi
throu
is pla

are all ablaze with heather, and its radiancy in a bright sun glows in startling contrast to the dark precipices beneath. But a few miles beyond this inaccessible lonely seaboard, the low Red Sandstone cliffs of super-cultivated East Lothian, beautifully tilled to their very brink, go trailing away towards Dunbar. Such, in brief, is 'Wolf's Crag' in storm and sunshine, so world-famous and so little known, even to Scotsmen: so near and yet in seeming so infinitely far from a bustling world. Scott, to be sure, within the limits covered in these pages, has taken wide licence. There was no adjacent fishing hamlet here for Caleb to delight us with his predatory descents on behalf of his master's empty larder. And again the Lord Keeper and his daughter would have needed the saddle endurance of a Queen Mary to be hunting as far afield as Coldingham Moor, whence the thunderstorm, it will be remembered, drove them for shelter to Wolf's Crag to the dismay of its proud, ill-provided owner and his resourceful domestic. But Fast Castle has a history in fact as well as in fiction, and in any case romance would be inseparable from the story of a place so dramatically situated. For one thing it was a Border fortress, carrying artillery, taken and retaken occasionally by both English and Scots, but always by starvation or a ruse. 'A dozen men,' ran a well-known saw, 'could hold it against England and Scotland combined.' It was concerned, too, in the 'Gowrie conspiracy.' Still more interesting, the old riding route from Berwick to Edinburgh then lay over Coldingham Moor, and Fast Castle in the Tudor period was a recognised place of call for notable official personages. Among these was the English Princess Margaret, on her way to marry James IV. Several letters exist, written *en route* at Fast Castle, by celebrities like Hunsdon and Maitland of Lethington. English envoys to and from Scotland frequently spent the night there. 'A better place for captives than guests,' writes one of them. And now, the few fragments that remain, further shattered by lightning soon after I first saw them, stand out, for all their historic memories and fictitious fame, amid the storm wrack in well-nigh complete oblivion, though in still weather the Scottish mail thundering through the 'Pass of Pease' with its daily burden of human freight is plainly audible.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE PATRIOT.

BY DOUGLAS WALSH.

I.

It is only fair to begin with a warning that this account of the adventures of Alexander Coppola, during the Salonica Revolution, is a mixture of fact and fiction. For the benefit of anybody seeking to disentangle the one from the other, it may be added that those parts of the story which seem most like fiction are . . . fact.

Alexander was a Greek, twenty-five at the time, narrow-chested, sallow, and with shifty eyes. An odour of garlic and dried perspiration clung always about him, and he had a detestable habit of twiddling a string of beads in his long, thin, dirty fingers.

But Eulalia loved him. She liked to see him playing with those globules of coloured glass—clanking them together, throwing them in the air and catching them, twirling them round, and all the rest of it—because while he toyed with that child's necklace it took his mind off cigarettes. That, if you please, is the explanation of this habit, prevalent among the Greeks all over Macedonia. They fiddle with a string of beads, of no religious significance whatever, to keep their fingers from rolling more cigarettes than are good for their health or their pockets. As a matter of fact, it was Eulalia who gave him the silly thing.

He used to call her his *agapete* (beloved) and his *poulaki* (little chicken).

They addressed each other in what is known as Kitchen Greek—the language of the common people, as distinct from the modern Greek of the newspapers and Society. It is both an interesting and a dangerous tongue. To call anybody *palianthropos*, which apparently merely means 'old man,' is more like striking a match in a T.N.T. factory than a term of affection. The answer is not a lemon, but a knife.

Alexander's father wore the *zonari*—a woollen sash swathed round his middle, in winter and summer. He was a goatherd, rather quarrelsome in his cups, and very stern with Alexander's mother and the rest of the family. When threatening to kill a weaker man than himself, he talked not about 'taking off his coat,'

but 'loosening his sash.' Alexander, however, at the time we make his acquaintance had gone up in the world and disowned his father. He no longer took care of his waist in the paternal way. Yellow pointed boots, jacket, trousers, a boater straw and a tie were the principal items of his costume. The last struck one first.

He was then acting as assistant to Eulalia's father, who kept a stationer's shop, selling notepaper, picture-postcards, newspapers, toys, and miscellaneous trifles to Salonicians, Frenchmen, and British. There was a different rate for each, and the British rate was the highest. Being a smart business man, Eulalia's father had an imposing stock of German and Bulgarian bunting ready for the day when the All-Highest had carried out his threat to drive us all into the sea. As time went on, Tommy's greed for souvenirs of all descriptions (Birmingham preferred) caused this to be ousted by more saleable articles. But, as Eulalia's father pointed out to Alexander, the fact that he had never been ordered to take the stuff out of his windows, showed that we knew in our hearts that we should never win the War.

Alexander agreed, because it is always wise to agree with the gentleman one hopes to make one's father-in-law, especially when he is a widower with no sons and a nice little business. Alexander was very much in love with that stationer's shop, and his installation therein was one of the ramifications of the military policy of King Constantine and the Allies.

This is how it came about.

When the Allies accepted M. Venizelos's invitation to land in Salonica, Constantine gave his Prime Minister the sack, and mobilised his army to protect his neutrality. Alexander, back from completing his service and assisting with the goats, was called up with the rest, and found himself strutting the streets of Salonica in a brand new uniform.

It was this new uniform—a camouflaged present from the then All-Highest—which turned Eulalia's head. She permitted it (and what was inside it) to make her acquaintance without introduction (very much as her British sisters were doing at the time), and light-heartedly the pair gave themselves up to the joys of Romance (Salonica brand).

But even in the midst of his dallyings, Alexander was not the man to neglect the main chance. Observing that everybody else was doing it, he stole two cases of Nestlé's milk, and four four-

gallon tins of paraffin from the British—both very precious commodities in Salonica. This was neither difficult nor dangerous. Even if you were caught, nothing happened. The British had to hand you over to King Constantine's representative, . . . and dog does not eat dog when there is more appetising food about.

He sold his windfalls well—trust a Greek for that! And he and Eulalia spent some happy evenings at such haunts of gaiety as the White Tower and the Odeon, crowded with Greek and foreign soldiery of all ranks and ladies at whom Eulalia turned up her nose. Of course, she ought not to have been there at all; but there are compensations in being a widower's daughter. It is easier to lie to a man about where one has been, and every nation has not the same exaggerated ideas about speaking the truth as the perfidious British.

So far, King Constantine, prompted by Berlin, had been mainly responsible for the trend of events. But now General Sarraïl, belatedly instructed from Paris and London, exerted his influence upon the lovers' destinies.

Alexander met her at the White Tower one evening with a gloomy countenance. He escorted her to a little table in the middle of the hall, already blue with tobacco smoke, and called for a bottle of Samos wine.

'Partridge!' he sneered, seeing a dapper French officer making eyes at Eulalia.

The Frenchman swanked up to their table, clicked his heels, and sat down in a vacant chair.

Alexander glowered, and Eulalia smiled.

The place was packed almost to suffocation. In the rough wooden boxes that formed a gallery all round the room, groups of men and women were drinking champagne. The same thing was going on at all the tables; and on the stage a very fifth-rate artiste was walking perfunctorily through her turn. Only the movements of her mouth betrayed the fact that she was singing. So great was the babel that even the orchestra was drowned. Groups of French, British, and Italians were shouting in chorus. Greek civilians were calling out and thumping the tables in protest. Everyone was laughing and perspiring and making a noise—the more hideous sort of noise the better—while waiters were rushing about, opening bottles, clearing away dirty glasses, and cheating the foreigners of their change.

Alexander went on glowering at the Frenchman, who, dis-

covering that Eulalia knew no French, was making headway only with his eyes.

Finding the situation insupportable, Alexander banged his fist upon the table.

'Watch! I will show this partridge how to grind pepper!' he hissed.

'No, my soul!' pleaded Eulalia, frightened; for the Frenchman was an officer and Alexander only a simple soldier.

But, unheeding her, he deliberately knocked over the Frenchman's glass of beer, which poured down upon his dark-blue evening breeches and shiny boots.

The pepper was ground.

The Frenchman rose. But not to kill. His eyes flashed and his cheeks flushed. But he said—nothing. With what dignity he could muster, he walked away.

There was an order—a stern order. Because of the Allies' peculiar political situation, every Greek officer, whatever his rank, must be saluted, and at all costs disturbances of any nature were to be avoided.

Alexander laughed spitefully. He knew the state of the market. Hence his bravery.

But Eulalia did not know the state of the market, and to her he seemed a very lion in courage and fury. For her sake had not he, a simple soldier, affronted a foreign officer? And the Frenchman had quailed before him—slunk away in silence!

Never dreaming that it was merely politics, she beamed upon him admiringly.

'You are very cross to-night, Alexander,' she said. 'Poor man!—how you swallowed him! Yet he did no harm——'

'*Poulaki*—listen!' he broke in upon her provocative murmuring. 'A sad thing has happened. The French have insisted that our noble army be demobilised.' He uttered a boastful laugh. 'They fear us, those French. They cannot sleep for the thought that we shall stab them in the back when the Germans attack them in front. The British, too—oh, it has been a good game of knucklebones. But now . . .' He paused. The pride faded from his face, and gloom returned. 'To-morrow morning, I give up my uniform and go back to my village,' he announced.

With a sigh, he tossed off a glass of wine. Eulalia's glass was empty, but he made no offer to refill it.

Eulalia looked at him sadly. She did not want him to go—a

brave lover who could make mud of a Frenchman like that. They had been very happy, and she would miss him greatly. In her easy-going way she disliked changes if they could be avoided. Alexander suited her, and if he went she would have to find another lover.

'*Agapete*, never shall I see you again!' he murmured. 'It is finished, light of my soul!'

She filled her own glass, while he eyed the bottle frowningly. It jarred upon him that a girl to whom he was saying good-bye should help herself unasked from the bottle he had paid for.

'Need you go?' she breathed, sipping the sweet, red wine. 'This is bad news you bring me, Alexander Coppola!'

They were both overcome by this threatened ending of their romance. It was so unexpected. As youth will, they had taken it for granted that he should go on strutting about Salonica in uniform for ever, and she should go on meeting him at night, and telling her widower-father tarradiddles when he asked her where she had been.

Alexander began to abuse General Sarraill and the King of England; but Eulalia cut him short, her eyes shining with excitement. Together, the wine and her lazy hatred of all uprootings, had given her an idea.

'I have it!' she exclaimed. 'Come to my father's shop when the army has done with you. He has need of help. Work for him, beloved, and then we shall be together always.'

For a 'rag,' a group of officers had invaded the orchestra and seized their instruments. The manager was standing in the centre of the stage, shouting himself hoarse. An angry artiste, interrupted in the middle of her dance, was in the wings, bellowing vituperation at the disturbers. From the boxes and the body of the hall, came cries of protest or encouragement. But triumphantly above all the noise rose the discordant blaring of the amateur musicians.

Eulalia and Alexander took no notice. With heads close together, shouting to make each other hear above the din, they were discussing her wonderful idea.

It seemed good to them both. Life in Salonica with her was more attractive to Alexander than life with his father and the goats. Having tasted the joys of town, he was loth to give them up. And who knew what might happen once he was installed in the shop with her and her father? Somebody would have to have

the widower's business when he had 'shaken off his leaves.' Somebody would have to marry Eulalia. . . .

The upshot was that two days later, in the costume previously described, paid for by the proceeds of the stolen Nestlé's milk and paraffin, Alexander presented himself before Eulalia's father. He was engaged as assistant, and officially introduced to his *agapete*, with whom it had been arranged that he should disown his own father by taking no more notice of him, and cultivate hers by every art at his command, so that in course of time he should be led to agree to their marriage, and Alexander's future ownership of the stationer's shop.

II.

To every nation its hobby. To the British, sport; the Americans, prohibition; the French, thrift; and the Greeks . . . political demonstrations.

Nothing appeals to them so much. The fervour of an American revivalist meeting, the enthusiasm of a British football crowd, and the passion of a group of French housewives overcharged for cabbages, all rolled together fall far short of the pitch of furious excitement into which a Greek political meeting can lash itself over the most trivial questions of domestic policy. And when there is cause—real cause—for excitement and indignation, the High Gods on Olympus put wadding in their ears.

This time there was cause—real cause.

The Allies had come to Salonica, and, in spite of all invitations to go home again, they were still there. The Greek army had been mobilised and partially demobilised. Salonica had been fortified so well by the intruders that, unable to come and take it, the German Emperor had sneered at it instead; calling it his cheapest internment camp, where his prisoners fed themselves at their own expense—one of the brightest gleams of German humour of the War.

It became apparent that, tired of sitting still and waiting to be driven into the sea, the Allies at last contemplated a serious advance. There was a chain of forts, which the Greeks had re-armed and brought up to date at great expense after the Second Balkan War, to guard their Macedonian frontier against attack from their hereditary enemies the Bulgarians. Fort Rupel was the chief of these. It was a 'key' position in every sense, and of a strategic

importance impossible to exaggerate. To the Greeks it had a sentimental interest, and a military value almost as great as Gibraltar has for us.

On May 26, 1916, King Constantine 'let' Fort Rupel, furnished, to the Germans, for the duration of the War. The rent was a loan of £3,000,000, and before the new tenants moved in, an inventory was taken and signed by both parties.

For us this was a serious blow. There was no other way through the chain of mountains that formed the frontier. This act of treachery made it impossible for us to invade Bulgaria, or to turn the positions of an enemy securely perched upon the mountain tops.

But this aspect of the situation did not worry Alexander. What concerned him and the rest of his countrymen was that their pro-German King had betrayed them to their ancient enemy. Even Athens grew restive when the news leaked out; and in Macedonia, where the menace was at their back door, there was tumult.

In vain the Government and its organs pointed out that the surrender was to Germany alone, and the Kaiser had pledged himself that everything should be handed back intact at the end of the War. It was a German-Bulgarian army that had taken possession of Rupel. There were Bulgars there and on the mountain tops all round. The enemy had been allowed to walk in to the forts from which he had been kicked out only a year or two ago.

On May 28, a monster mass-meeting, such as Salonica had never seen before, assembled to give vent to the popular indignation.

'We must go to the meeting,' said Eulalia's father.

'After all the blood that was shed . . . to give them Rupel. . . . To let them in!' said Alexander. 'Making our sacrifices vain!'

His eyes flashed, and the gentleman he secretly destined to be his father-in-law nodded at him approvingly.

'Monstrous! Monstrous!' he agreed. 'The shop shall be shut, and we will go together.'

'And Eulalia?'

'Yes . . . Eulalia, too. The danger is as bad for her as for us. Ah! I know these barbarians, Alexander. They have always wanted to make Salonica Bulgarian territory. Never will they give up Rupel. They will come down from the mountains one fine night—'

'And cut our throats,' put in Alexander, too excited to keep quiet even when a future father-in-law was speaking.

'And sack the city——'

'Plunder the shops——'

'Murder the women——'

'Cut up the children——'

Eulalia's father frowned. He didn't like his eloquence being see-sawed into in this way.

'What is there to stop them?' he went on. 'Nothing! Why is our army still partly mobilised? To surrender Rupel without a fight to those uncivilised fiends? Shame on us! Oh, black, black shame!'

So Eulalia's father, Eulalia, and Alexander attended the meeting. It was too big for them to hear very well, but of its earnestness there could be no doubt. Rhetoric flowed from speaker after speaker in torrents dammed only by cheers and boos.

Alexander and his party were completely carried away. 'Down with him! Down with him!' they cried at every mention of the hated Ferdinand of Bulgaria's name. Wildly they booed their own King, who had betrayed them, and M. Skouloudis, his Premier. Frantically they demanded a new Government, and cheered themselves hoarse for Venizelos. Then flushed and perspiring like the rest of the company they went home.

It had been a great meeting.

But it did not make much impression upon the pro-German Constantine. True, the Allies took certain steps. At home the news created such consternation that the Allied Governments woke up to a fresh realisation of how impossible was the situation of the Salonica Expedition. With their permission, General Sarraill, on June 3, declared a technical state of siege in all zones occupied by his troops. By a happy coincidence, this day chanced to be King Constantine's birthday, and the customary fêtes were hastily cancelled, as detachments of French troops with machine-guns and '75's occupied the principal thoroughfares and public buildings in Salonica. But . . . the Bulgars continued in Fort Rupel, and Alexander, Eulalia, and Eulalia's father, slept uneasily in their beds. They had no faith in the Allies, and they had a real fear of the Bulgarians.

There was ferment and there was grumbling; but, politically, nothing much happened from Alexander's point of view till August. Personally, his affairs were progressing most favourably.

To Eulalia's father's joy he displayed great gifts in extracting money from the British Johnnies; and though a Scottish Highlander once punched him on the nose for trying to do him out of a five-drachmae note, it was all in a good cause. Eulalia's father was so delighted with the zeal he exhibited on his behalf that Alexander felt the moment almost ripe for formally asking for Eulalia and the reversion of the stationer's shop.

'I am well with him, beloved,' he declared confidently.

'Every night he praises you,' she assured him.

'Rejoice, Eulalia! I shall ask him soon, my soul, and he will not dare to refuse me. One hand washes the other, and——'

'*S-sst!* He comes!' she warned him, breaking away.

The stationer bore down upon them, purple with excitement.

'This King of ours—he has not a bean of sense!' he exclaimed, brandishing a news-sheet. 'More forts have been given up. All Eastern Macedonia is now at the mercy of our enemy!'

Frowningly Alexander read the news. By orders from Athens, various other strategic points had now been sacrificed. Here and there patriotic Greeks had defied the King, and refusing to connive at his treachery to his kingdom had offered armed resistance to the invaders. Commandant Changas at Startila Fort had died fighting among his men, all but two of that glorious garrison being killed at their posts. Colonel Christodoulos had put up a resistance at Seres which had engraved his name for ever on his country's roll of honour. But, overborne, he had been obliged to fall back towards Kavalla.

Eulalia's father raved and tore his hair. It was impossible for Alexander to think of discussing such a delicate subject as Eulalia with him. Macedonia was ablaze with indignation at this further outrage on its liberties, and Eulalia's father had caught fire with the rest. So Alexander caught fire, too.

'See—to-morrow there is another meeting!' he cried. 'We must go!'

'We are not playing at knucklebones!' said Eulalia's father, meaning that this was a very serious business. 'Something must be done. . . . Eulalia—make us crêpe armlets for our sleeves, for we mourn for our poor country!'

Wearing crêpe armlets, with thousands of other demonstrators similarly decorated, they attended this second meeting. Indignant speeches were again poured forth, and it was decided that a strong protest should be telegraphed to the Government at once. An

imposing procession, headed by the Greek flag draped in crêpe, marched with the message to the Telegraph Office. The people were determined that the King and the Government should be made to understand that they would not submit to have their country sacrificed and their liberties endangered. So, while the startled operator was sending off their protest, a great crowd stood outside the Telegraph Office and sang the Marseillaise and cheered M. Venizelos—Alexander and Eulalia and her father raising their voices with the rest.

‘That is well!’ said Alexander. ‘There will be no more of this!’

But there was more. In spite of that message and the musical accompaniment to its despatch, on August 24 Salonica was electrified with the news that the Bulgarians had been permitted to occupy Kavalla, and that the British navy was bombarding it from the sea.

Alexander, still awaiting his opportunity to fix up the matter of Eulalia and the stationer’s shop, snapped his string of beads in his wrath.

‘What next?’ he cried. ‘Given Kavalla? *Given* the fort they always had their nose towards!’ His voice rose to a shrill falsetto. ‘Talk about putting sweet oil on lentils!’ he added—Kitchen Greek for casting pearls before swine. ‘The King is mad! Constantine must go! Down with Constantine! Long live Venizelos!’

‘Hush! Pour water in your wine!’ said Eulalia’s father, counselling moderation—though he, too, was profoundly moved.

‘I call a fig a fig,’ the young man retorted. ‘He deserves to be thoroughly washed—and washed he shall be, you mark my words!’

Sometimes the metaphors of common speech are illuminating things.

III.

One thinks of a revolution as a picturesque, elaborate business, a matter of deep plotting, careful organisation, whispering by night, passwords, cautious soundings, and fearsome oaths. But there was little that was dramatic, or, it would seem, premeditated, about August 31, 1916, the day on which Salonica found itself in the throes of a revolution, and Alexander put his foot in it.

On the 30th, two stirring proclamations to the people and the

soldiers of Greece had been placarded on the walls. Alexander, reading them, ground his teeth at their recital of his King's betrayal of his trust, and his mercurial temperament inflamed to their appeal.

'There shall be no more of these surrenders!' he cried dramatically. 'The hour has come!'

Then he went back to the shop and sold picture-postcards and gaudy souvenirs to Johnnies and Canadian nursing-sisters.

The 31st dawned as any other day. He kissed Eulalia, took down the shutters, and played with his beads, which Eulalia had re-strung for him, when not attending to customers as usual. He had not the faintest suspicion that this was to be the most fateful day in his life. As a matter of fact he was fast asleep when the curtain rose.

At midday, when every sensible person ought like Alexander to have been taking his siesta, Macedonia was suddenly proclaimed an Independent State by a Colonel of Artillery and a Colonel of Supplies.

Did the eyes of the gods twinkle as they looked down from Olympus? The first people tackled were—the police! Second Lieutenant Tsaconas made a speech in the barracks to a band of Cretan gendarmes, all devoted political followers of their fellow islander, M. Venizelos. Messengers were despatched to fetch their comrades from their beats, and in response to the eloquence of the energetic Second Lieutenant, by two o'clock practically the whole of the police were won over to his side. At half-past two they moved off in a body to the Church of St. Demetrius to take an oath of allegiance to the new Government, and woke up Alexander and Eulalia's father on the way.

'What is this? What is this?' exclaimed Alexander sleepily.

'Down with the King! Long live Venizelos! Long live the Entente!' people were shouting in the streets.

'It is a Revolution!' said Eulalia's father.

They listened to what the people were saying.

'We have had enough of this King who surrenders our beloved country to our foes—'

'Macedonia is independent—'

'The Gendarmerie go to take the oath! Let all who love their country follow their glorious example!'

Men were moving about in the crowd, shouting propaganda at the top of their voices.

Alexander rubbed his eyes and stared. The street, ten minutes before sunk into sleepy silence, was now seething with excitement. It was very hot, and he perspired freely.

'Come! You are young and strong. Come and strike a blow for the new State!' somebody urged him.

His eyes flashed. He took fire. Like a sun-dried, wooden house licked by a flame, his temperament responded to the enthusiasm round him.

'I come!' he said simply.

'Take the postcards of the King out of the window!' cried his employer excitedly. 'Close the shop, Alexander! Put up the shutters and nail the portrait of M. Venizelos. . . .'

Then he paused. Alexander was gone. Without a word and without a jacket, then and there, in his shirt-sleeves, he had joined the rebels.

Eulalia's father put up the shutters himself. All the other shopkeepers were doing the same. The women came hurriedly into the streets. The men gathered together in groups. Orators orated. The thing once started went like a whirlwind, and the atmosphere was that of a bank holiday rather than such a tragic business as a revolution.

'The brave Alexander! O noble youth!' exclaimed the admiring Eulalia, waving to him as she espied him among the throng returning from St. Demetrius, sworn to uphold the new State.

By a little after three a thousand rebels had been enrolled, including the three hundred gendarmes, and no blood had been shed. The Colonel of Supplies, on horseback and wearing a blue-and-white silk armlet, held a review of his noisy army. An enormous crowd cheered lustily and got in the way. Excitement rose to sun-heat, and perspiration was as plentiful as patriots.

Ought one to be ashamed of being so flippant? This thing was important and deadly serious. And yet, started under the eyes of the gods like that, with so little preparation and pursuing such a commonplace course, how can one help it? Comedy is comedy. Read on and see what is still to come.

At the head of his troops and followed by an excited crowd, the gallant Colonel moved off to French headquarters.

French politeness proved equal to the occasion. Proudly the Colonel offered himself and his army to the service of the Allies to save Macedonia from the invaders. Gratefully General

Sarrail accepted the offer, and Alexander danced in the ranks with glee.

The War seemed to him as good as won. He smiled at Eulalia, who had fought her way to the front of the crowd, and shouted 'Long live the Entente!' with all his might.

And then, with their dismissal from French headquarters, the curtain went down on Act I, with actors and audience all equally delighted.

There was a long wait before it rose again on Act II. The people made holiday; the cafés were crowded. But the chiefs of the movement toiled. While the rebels marched about and sang and enticed others to join them and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, the leaders considered their position, created machinery of government, and wondered what was to be done about the troops in the barracks of the Champ de Mars.

There were 1200 loyalist soldiers there; and so far they had scornfully refused to join the movement. They stayed inside their barracks and shouted rude remarks to the rebels outside—and Alexander gained a certain prominence by some of his more stinging retorts.

But no blood was shed on either side. For eight solid hours each waited for the other to begin.

The situation was impossible. Something had clearly got to be done, and fortunately the crisis brought with it the Man and his plan. It is to be regretted that his name cannot be given to the world.

At two o'clock in the morning, a band of brave volunteers crept close to the barracks in the darkness and . . . cut off the water. Recklessly for their country's sake, these heroes severed the main, and retreated covered with glory and H_2O .

A certain amount of noise was made by this operation, and the Royalists, very much on the alert, grew alarmed. Fearing an attack, they blazed away into the darkness, and the rebels responded. A considerable amount of ammunition was expended without casualties among the combatants. But a pair of luckless tramps, 'sleeping out' some distance away, provided billets for two of these random bullets.

When they discovered what had befallen them, the Royalists decided that the next move was up to them. A garrison must have water, and if the taps won't run it must be fetched in casks. Just before dawn a party of some sixty men were ordered out

with horses and carts to attempt to obtain water and provisions. But immediately the gates were opened, they were received with such a fusillade from the gendarmes and our friend Alexander that they hastily returned to the shelter of the barracks—again without any casualties.

The rebels were jubilant.

'Victory! Victory!' they shouted, and Alexander was loud in proclaiming the terrible things that they would do to the garrison before they had finished with it. Kitchen Greek is an excellent language for such a purpose.

Nothing more, however, happened until the sun was high in the heavens. Then the Colonel of Supplies informed the besieged and thirsty Royalists that he gave them till midday to surrender. If they failed to comply with this demand, at one minute past twelve the other Colonel would chip in with his artillery.

However, there was a gentleman not very far away named Sarraïl, in command of a cosmopolitan army—a grey-eyed, moustachioed gentleman, with a head that was even better for politics than for soldiering. After Alexander and the rest of the 'Army of Liberated Macedonia' had attached itself to him yesterday, he had apparently done a little quiet thinking, and when he heard of this ultimatum he decided that it was time for him to take a hand.

Fifteen hundred French infantrymen marched on the scene. They brought their machine-guns with them and coolly set them up in the open between the rebels and the Royalists. Then six trench-mortars and some anti-aircraft lorries with French '75's mounted upon them, also took up their positions, while a couple of French aeroplanes hovered ominously over the barracks.

Alexander and his fellows watched these preparations, agog with excitement. This was something like! And when General Sarraïl himself appeared, they went almost frantic with joy.

Surely the gods on Olympus must have craned forward to see and to hear when that trim, typically French figure with the steady grey eyes summoned the commandant of the garrison and made him a little speech!

He had no wish, he explained in choicest French and without the vestige of a smile, to mix himself up in a purely local affair or to interfere in a political matter. But he was compelled to remind both sides that there was a war on, and that Salonica was his base, and under martial law. In the interests of law and

order he felt it his duty to protect the inhabitants of Salonica from the dangers of promiscuous rifle-fire, fashionable though that sort of thing might be in the Balkans. The last thing he desired to do was to take sides, but he could not possibly permit this rebellion to continue. He regretted it, but he must demand the immediate surrender of the troops within the barracks . . . and he had with him the means to enforce his demand.

They do these things beautifully, the French.

Of course, the commandant might have inquired of the owner of those steady grey eyes why in the interests of law and order he did not demand the surrender of the rebels instead of the Royalists; and why, if he did not wish to interfere between Greek and Greek, two aeroplanes were at that moment hovering overhead and fifteen hundred Frenchmen with machine-guns and trench-mortars were facing the barracks. But he asked neither of these questions. He was too glad to get himself out of the hole he was in. Graciously he answered that though he and his officers and men would not in any circumstances surrender to the rebels, they had no other course open to them but to submit to the might of France.

From that moment the success of the Revolution was assured. King Constantine, who had insolently sacrificed Kavalla, in spite of the warning his people had given him when he 'let' Fort Rupel, was powerless to stay its course. With Salonica safely in the hands of the Committee of National Defence, the movement spread through Macedonia and the Islands like wildfire. M. Venizelos came to Salonica, and with General Danglis and Admiral Condouriotis established a Triumvirate; and daily the numbers of the Venizelist forces increased till they were soon a considerable addition to our strength.

But with these things Alexander was not greatly concerned. For him a personal question had arisen which swamped all other issues. Carried away by the contagious enthusiasm of a crowd, he and many another Salonician had been swept into the revolutionary whirlpool, to wake on the morrow to find that a whirlpool is more easily entered than got out of.

This was the fly in the ointment: the Committee of National Defence proclaimed general military service in the liberated territory under their sway.

Alexander was perhaps the most disgusted of the lot. Revolution was a game at which he had very much enjoyed playing

yesterday ; but he wanted to go back to the stationer's shop and Eulalia to-day. And he couldn't. He had got to be a soldier and fight for all the fine things he had shouted about so lustily.

IV.

Three days later, like a man who had forgotten that he was drunk the night before, and was therefore surprised and sulky to find he had a headache in the morning, Alexander went to the stationer's shop.

Eulalia's father greeted him coldly.

He was very busy selling portraits of M. Venizelos to the inhabitants, and picture-postcards of the Revolution, rushed out by an enterprising photographer, to all ranks of the Allied armies.

'I go to fight for our country,' said Alexander, pointing to his new uniform.

'You have left me at an inconvenient moment,' said Eulalia's father.

Alexander rolled and lit a cigarette. He had no beads now he was a soldier again.

'I am very busy,' said Eulalia's father pointedly.

'You will keep my place open for me?' inquired Alexander.

The other shook his head.

'I must have help. Who knows when you will be back?' he grunted.

Alexander stood there fidgeting, while the stationer attended to a succession of customers. Enough had been said to show him the lie of the land. The moment was decidedly inopportune, but it seemed to him that the only thing for him to do was to declare his love for Eulalia. He could think of no other way of retaining the right to return to that desirable shop.

'How can he refuse me his daughter when I am going to fight for my country?' he asked himself—because he knew in his heart that he would be refused. It was quite clear from the stationer's manner that he was prepared to refuse him anything, so annoyed was he at being left without an assistant when business was so good.

Still, that was his only chance. If he told him all, if he could persuade him to accept him as Eulalia's future husband, then he would be obliged to let him come back.

But at that point in his reflections the door at the back of the shop opened, and he caught sight of Eulalia herself. Seeing him, she changed her mind about entering, and drew back. But he hurried in after her and closed the door. After all, he thought, he ought to be able to do something with Eulalia, and she would manage her father when he was gone.

'*Agapete*—see my new uniform!' he murmured tenderly, striking an attitude.

Eulalia sniffed.

'Light of my soul, you will not forget me while I am away?' he pleaded.

Eulalia tossed her head.

'I have come to say good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' said Eulalia.

There were tears in Alexander's eyes—tears for the stationer's shop.

'*Poulaki*, why are you so cold? What has happened?' he demanded miserably.

His little chicken told him—shrilly, fluently she told him.

'Crow!' she cried. 'I have no patience with you. When all was going so well—when I had got you here with my father—when you had made yourself useful to him, and any day he might have agreed to our wedding—bah!—then you must go and mix yourself up in this Revolution!'

She paused, and he struggled for words to meet this unexpected onslaught.

'And now you are a soldier again!' she cut in before he could find any. 'That is what you have got for it. Off you must go to be killed—'

'I shall not be killed!' he cried. 'Trust me to see to that! I am no fool.'

'Of course you will be killed—or else you will not be back for years! And you have the nose to come here and ask me to wait for you! Me, what shall I do while you are at the War? Who will walk with me in the cool of the evening? Who will buy me wine if I pledge myself to you? Go—go to your silly fighting, and never let me see your face again!'

'I will stay in Salonica—I will make them let me stay!' he gasped desperately. '*Agapete—agapete—*'

'You cannot stay. All go to the front. Everybody knows it. Great deeds are expected of you. . . . Go and do them!'

The unfairness and the unreason of it dismayed him. He tried to argue with her.

'But—but look you! The order is general service. Even if I had not joined the Revolution, I should still have had to go—'

But it was useless. Eulalia had done much thinking during his absence.

'Talk me no crow's talk! If you had stayed quiet, my father could have got you out of it. There are many ways, as you well know. But no—you must shout and rush away. . . . *Tchtck!* . . . you make me ill. I have no use for one like you. I want a lover . . . here—every day! Go—I am done with you! Easily, I shall find someone else. With us it is finished!'

With that she left him, and Alexander, in his new uniform, re-entered the shop. Her father was still serving, and after one last regretful glance round Alexander stepped into the sunlight. A moment he stood in eclipse upon the pavement, looking at the portraits of M. Venizelos in the window, his beadless fingers rolling yet another cigarette. Then with a sigh he strolled towards his favourite café, kicking a boot-black as he passed.

Look what M. Venizelos and General Sarraïl had let him in for! Fighting—real fighting in the trenches. . . . Look what they had cost him—Eulalia's father's shop and Eulalia!

Truly the way of the patriot is hard, and women are the very deuce.

OUR LENDING LIBRARY.

THE Misses Jones (Susannah and one older,
 Who coyly hides within some secret den
 'Doing the books' while Susan, being bolder,
 Greets gaily at the counter even men)—
 The sisters Jones invite a friendly purchase
 Of birthday books and envelopes and ink:
 Or lend us novels, such as will not smirch us
 With 'problems' giving furiously to think.

Tales of innocuous saccharine which Susan,
 Judge of chaste excellence, 'can recommend':
 Tales likely to instruct but not amuse an
 Exhausted toiler in his brief week-end—
 With one of these, that might be on a Sunday
 Safely perused by children yet in bibs,
 With one of these, composed by Mrs. Grundy,
 I leave the shop (and with a box of nibs).

It bears the marks of many earnest readers.
 The 'Fernhurst' drawing-room has potent thumbs,
 And Mrs. Cross, bedridden at 'The Cedars,'
 Has left between the pages several crumbs.
 A teacup ring is stamped upon the binding,
 One leaf is missing from the final scene;
 Someone has scribbled on the margin, finding
 Much (and I sympathise) to raise his spleen.

Still I read on (and crush the wish to burn it!),
 Page after page—as much as I can stand:
 Then, sick of bloodless bleating, I return it
 And get another—of the self-same brand!
 Who writes the things? And whose disastrous model
 Do hundreds of these twitterers imitate
 In uniformity of guileless twaddle
 And thought both second-hand and second-rate?

I fume. But don't suppose I really am in a
Rage with the sisters. Both are perfect dears ;
And what they *sell* has character and stamina :
Their envelopes are stout, their gum adheres.
But what they *lend* us—certainly, it's fiction,
If fiction only claims divorce from fact ;
Say, must they always force on us restriction
To stuff as full of 'uplift' as a tract ?

A time will come. Into our blameless villas,
Homes of the 'sweetly pretty' and 'quite nice,'
Modernity at last will steal as still as
The snake that marred another Paradise :
The wells of milk and water will be muddied
And foreign kickshaws vitiate our taste :
Canons will change and Georgian Life be studied
Till we forget we ever were strait-laced.

Susannah then without a blush will minister
To those enfranchised souls who love not pap
Sly realistic tomes, where sins are sinister
And spades are spades—no need of *verbum sap.*
Serenely, as munition workers handle
Trinitrotoluol without surprise,
We shall discuss the last success of scandal
And cross the 't's' and dot the wicked 'i's.'

We shall be dogs, we shall. 'Emancipation'
Will flaunt its banners o'er the new régime.
What will the Vicar say ? Imagination
Lights the far prospect with one humorous gleam.
Break us in gently, Susan, ere we part with
Innocence : put the Vicar's mind at ease,
(Novels of five years back will do to start with,)
And bring us up to date by slow degrees.

H. S. V. H.

THREE FOREIGNERS IN LONDON, 1584-1618.

THERE were a number of reasons why foreigners should visit England towards the end of the sixteenth century. During the momentous years between 1580 and 1600 the foundations were being laid for a career of prosperity and expansion which had not been dreamt of before. With the end of the Spanish menace, consequent on the defeat of the Armada in 1588, the last hindrance was removed, and, as the nation developed into a first-class power, manufacture, commerce, and wealth increased, and London soon became a market of the first importance to which traders from all parts of the world were attracted, where business was sure to be brisk, and the profits considerable. The wealthier families began to send their sons abroad to complete their education. The cities of Italy, France, and Germany were full of young men from the upper and middle classes, and we find at this time a corresponding increase of foreigners in this country and particularly in the metropolis. From the description and opinions of some of these visitors, we are able to piece together a fairly complete record of Elizabethan and Jacobean London as it appeared to the travelled foreigners of that time. W. B. Rye, more than a half a century ago, collected and translated a number of these relations, but since his book was published the literature of the subject has increased. Other narratives have come to light, among which are the three dealt with here, and the subject is so interesting that no excuse is needed for touching on it again.

The pictures of bygone London are of special interest to us, but it is well to remember at once that we must not expect from our travellers anything like an intimate and detailed account of English life at the time. They were concerned almost to a man with externals, and, even so, their powers of observation, if judged by modern standards, were somewhat limited. They were not always polite, but then they were not always accurate. They tell us much that we do not want to know, and often relapse into complete silence at the very point where a single word, perhaps, would have settled for ever some question which savants have been disputing ever since. They cling with a kind of desperate persistence to the itinerary mapped out for them by other travellers, and, in many cases, they rejoiced in an ignorance of the English language which was complete and unashamed, while their Latin, if they had any, was

wor
Lat
nou
an
he l
ave
mon
wer
freq

von
was
Plat
is w
the
elde
of I
wer
in t
long
Mon
the
a d
unp
a w
he v
writ
with
cont
whe
sion
Dr.
dev
the

Tha
sion
opp
amo

1
Zeit
visit

worse than useless in a country where the inhabitants 'smattered Latin with an English mouth' and most barbarously mispronounced it. They were, therefore, thrown upon the mercies of an interpreter who was frequently a rogue and interpreted what he himself entirely misunderstood. If one remembers, too, that the average traveller spent only a few weeks, or, at the most, a few months in England, it is obvious that mistakes and misconceptions were bound to occur. It is surprising that they were not more frequent.

Of our three travellers, Thomas Platter was a Swiss, Lupold von Wedel was a German, and Busino was an Italian. Platter was a younger son of the worthy printer and pedagogue Thomas Platter, Gymnasiarchus of the town of Basle, whose autobiography is well known. The younger Thomas was born in 1574, and, on the death of his father in 1582, he became the special care of his elder brother by a first marriage, Felix Platter, the famous Doctor of Medicine, whose collection of simples and cabinet of rarities were the wonder and admiration of more than one visitor to Basle in the sixteenth century, and whose writings on medical subjects long survived him. Thomas was sent to study medicine at Montpellier, and then travelled extensively in France and Spain, the Low Countries, and England. Returning to Basle, he wrote a detailed account of his travels, the greater part of which is still unprinted.¹ Platter was a knowing and interesting traveller with a wide eye for the peculiarities and characteristics of the countries he visited. There is at times a pleasant personal touch about his writing which shows him to have been a gay and artless youngster with a genius for enjoying himself, but he suffers with many of his contemporaries from occasional attacks of dulness, particularly when he embarks on lengthy historical and archæological digressions. He was something of a draughtsman, and we learn from Dr. Binz that two or three pages in his account of London are devoted to drawings which give a fairly accurate representation of the costumes of the period.

His visit extended from September 18 to October 20, 1599. Thanks to the Mayor of Dover, to whom he had rendered professional assistance, he had special introductions and quite unusual opportunities for sightseeing in London. He had friends also among the foreign residents and others in the City, among whom

¹ MS. A, v. 7. Some extracts are printed in the supplement to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* for August 23, 1902, by Dr. G. Binz of Basle, to whose article on German visitors to London in the time of Shakespeare I am much indebted.

was an apothecary, one Louis Lemyre at the sign of the 'Golden Eagle' in Lime Street, who appears to have given his young friend not only hospitality, but sound advice. Witness his entry in Platter's Album or Stammbuch preserved at Basle :

'Wyne, woman, dyce, and lecherye,
Doe bring a man to povertye.'

Platter carried back with him the pleasantest recollections of his visit, and a generation later he sent his son to England to renew his memories. Of this visit of the younger Platter nothing, however, survives except his Stammbuch, containing the signatures of many notable men of the seventeenth century, which may still be seen at Basle.

Our second traveller, Lupold von Wedel, is a different kind of man altogether. Born in 1544 at Kremzow in Pomerania, he early developed a distaste for study which never left him. His *Wanderlust*, on the other hand, was inexhaustible. From 1573 for twenty years or more he was roaming about the world, mostly as a soldier, campaigning and sightseeing. He travelled in France, Italy, the Holy Land, Spain, and Portugal, and in August 1584, visited England, remaining here until April 1585. He is one of the few foreigners who saw something of England apart from Dover and London. He penetrated as far north as Scotland, and at Berwick was entertained by the Governor, Lord Hunsdon, to a revel which even to a German in those days of solemn and institutional drunkenness left nothing to be desired. He writes simply and naturally without the least concern for learning, and his account of London is quite the best thing in his book.¹ He seems to have had unusual opportunities for closely observing the Queen and her courtiers and attendants. He witnessed her state entry into London in November 1584, attended by the Earl of Leicester, and was present at a banquet and ball at Greenwich where the Queen, in the fifty-first year of her immortal charms, was coquetting with Master Walter Raleigh, who was then in the hey-day of royal favour. Von Wedel also describes the Lord Mayor's Show; the opening of Parliament in 1584; he gives us an account of Raleigh's strange black man, brought back by the Roanoke expedition in September, who seems to have been quite one of the sights of the time, and was present at the execution of Dr. William Parry, who was hanged and quartered in Palace Yard in 1585 for traitorously conspiring against the Queen's life.

¹ *Baltische, Studien*, 1895, vol. xlv. pp. 312-326 and pp. 344-366.

Horatio Busino, our third traveller, takes us into another reign. He was Chaplain and Intendant-General of the Household of Piero Contarini, the Venetian Ambassador to the Court of James I, 1616-18, and cannot strictly be described as a traveller in the sense in which Platter and Von Wedel were travellers, but even if he had come here on pleasure he could not have left us a more delightful account of his visit. He was in England from October 1617 to December 1618, and while here he employed himself in completing a journal and writing a number of letters for the amusement of his patron's relations, containing such familiar details as the Ambassador did not think fit to communicate to the Senate, or was too busy to transmit to his family. These letters and journals were discovered in the library of St. Mark at Venice by the late Rawdon Brown who translated and annotated them, and on his death, this work, still in manuscript, found its way to the Record Office where it now is. To his notes on England, Busino gives the quaint title of *Anglipotrida*.¹

This collection has recently been re-translated and published in the volume of State papers (Venetian) for the years 1617-1619, but it does not seem to be well known. Busino's narrative is of the greatest value. The chaplain was a man of shrewdness and observation, and was endowed with high spirits and unbounded good temper. His account of London is largely occupied with Court Ceremonies, and he gives us an interesting picture of the King and Queen, the latter clad in so expansive a farthingale 'that I do not exaggerate when I say it was four feet wide in the hips.' But he found ample time to look about him, and he records our characteristics and peculiarities in a candid, impartial, and altogether charming way. Our only grievance against him is that when the time came for his departure from London he seems to have been unmistakably delighted to be gone.

The London which welcomed travellers in the sixteenth century was a flourishing city of some 300,000 inhabitants, although the circuit walls, broken at frequent intervals by the gates above which rose the spires and towers of its numerous churches, must have given it a curiously mediæval appearance when seen from the river. This was the aspect which first greeted the stranger on his arrival. In the majority of cases he had landed at Dover and ridden post by way of Canterbury and Rochester to Gravesend. Here he took to the water and finished his journey by boat. For the earlier

¹ Rawdon Brown's manuscript was the subject of an interesting article in the *Quarterly Review*, October 1857.

part of the way the river journey was a source of pleasure. The stream was clear-running and broad at first, but as the traveller approached the City the water began to take on something of the muddy brown hue which we associate with it to-day, while in the neighbourhood of the bridge it became so filthy that, according to Busino, its smell could be perceived in the linen which was washed in it. London Bridge itself with its magnificent houses and shops was an unending source of wonder and interest. Above the central tower, fixed on spikes, were to be seen some thirty heads of persons of distinction who had been beheaded for creating riots or for other causes, a sight which seems invariably to have turned the travellers' thoughts with a kind of grim delight to the subject of executions, for nearly all have something to say on the matter. But the bridge, says an old proverb, was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under. So rapid was the ebb and flow that a mill could have been kept at work between any of the arches, and the perils of shooting the bridge were well known. The prudent traveller landed at one of the wharves below the bridge, probably at Billingsgate, and set out in quest of his inn. If a German, he would repair to the 'White Bear,' which was kept by a Dutchman, or, if addicted to the pleasures of the table, he would put up at the 'Fleur de Lys' in Mark Lane, which was noted for its excellent cook. If the visitor was an ambassador or a person of distinction, a house would be taken in an airy and fashionable quarter such as Bishopsgate Street Without, where, in Sir Paul Pindar's house, Busino resided with his master during his stay in London. This was, in some respects, a little too remote and countrified, but it was near the fashionable theatres, especially those that kept the best-trained dogs for bull and bear baiting. One disadvantage, however, was that the fields around the house were used for all sorts of sports and martial exercises: for bow meetings, sham fights and mock sieges, and various other manœuvres of the train-bands. These made so great and so continuous a commotion that the chaplain protests he cannot eat his dinner in peace. It was well for the foreigner to avoid any strangeness in his dress within the City. The clerks and apprentices were not well disposed to strangers and were apt to ill-treat them and usurp their valuables. Busino saw a Spaniard assaulted and belaboured by a termagant with a cabbage stalk, and obliged to seek refuge in a shop, for no other cause than that he was arrayed in his national costume.

The process of sightseeing was invariably the same. Foreigners usually followed the modern 'bus route from Aldgate to the Royal

Exc
was
the
and
St.
but
tow
view
Whi
fact
wou
colle
won
pass
well
beth
whic
T
after
ston
whic
T
at o
of th
were
were
prop
nota
of th
was
orna
traff
wher
were
juris
drov
the m
inter
begu
—th
with
woul

Exchange and thence up Cheapside to St. Paul's. The churchyard was then enclosed and the road passed up Newgate Street and down the Old Bailey to Ludgate Hill, and so along the Strand to Whitehall and Westminster. The spire, one of the great glories of old St. Paul's, had been burnt down in 1561, and was never rebuilt, but the traveller was usually taken up 200 steps to the top of the tower which was covered with lead, from which a magnificent view could be obtained over the whole city from the Tower to Whitehall, and what a view it must have been!—no smoke, no factories, no trams along the riverside. The palace at Whitehall would be visited next, where the gardens, the tilt-yard, and a collection of wild and tame beasts from India invariably excited wonder and comment. The interior was truly magnificent. The passages were bright with carpets and the galleries and rooms well filled with pictures and tapestries. Here could be seen Elizabeth's wardrobe, her jewels, and her collection of books, many of which were inscribed with the Queen's own hand.

The visitor would then proceed to Westminster Abbey, where, after 1600, Camden's 'Reges' could be purchased to save 'tomb-stone' travellers the trouble of copying the inscriptions, but for which, 'eaten up with avarice,' the vergers demanded a great price.

The traveller, if tired with his peregrinations, could hire a wherry at one of the public stairs and return to his inn by water. Many of these boats were provided with carpets and cushions, and some were covered in to protect passengers from rain or sun. They were very swift and skilfully handled, and some of the larger ones, propelled by six or eight oars, literally flew over the water. Most notable of all was the Royal Barge, which was kept close to one of the theatres on dry ground and sheltered from the weather. It was a magnificent vessel, with two splendid cabins beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting, and carving. The traffic to the south side was almost entirely dependent upon the wherries; and as the chief attractions of the people, and the theatres, were mostly across the river beyond the somewhat puritanical jurisdiction of the City Fathers, the boatmen, as may be imagined, drove a brisk and profitable trade. The shipping on the river, the merchantmen, and smaller craft were a constant source of interest. Busino in 1617 was taken to see a fine new arsenal or dock begun by the India Company, where were two magnificent ships—the *Sun* and the *Moon*—like two well-appointed castles, ready with all hands on board for their voyage to the East. The visitor would also inspect Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, which was laid

up at Deptford, where it remained for many years as an object of curiosity and wonder. By 1617, when Busino saw it, only the lower part remained, 'looking like the bleached ribs and bare skull of a dead horse,' the upper part having been almost entirely carried away by trophy-hunters. A few years later there was nothing left.

The domestic architecture then prevalent did not excite our visitors' unqualified admiration. The houses were mostly built of wood, without foundations, and were damp and cold, and even in the grand houses dried rushes had to be spread on the floors to keep them dry. The apartments are described as sorry and ill-connected, but they appear to have been comparatively clean. Fleas were not known there except by accident, and bugs were outlawed, according to Busino, but this is, perhaps, overstated. Busino may well have been thinking by comparison of the inns of his native land, where, as we learn from the bitter experiences of travellers of the period, the fleas, if unanimous, could at any time have dragged their victims out of bed. The staircases were twisted and inconvenient, and the windows, although glazed, had no shutters and are described as too narrow to look out of.

As far as the London streets are concerned, they do not appear to have been unduly narrow, but they were thick with a peculiar kind of black mud which furnished the mob with a handy missile whenever anything occurred to excite their disapproval. They were well supplied with handsome stone fountains fed by conduits, and in the city itself the water was clean and fresh, but elsewhere it was foul and stinking. The water was carried into the houses by water-carriers in long wooden vessels hooped with iron, called 'cobs.' There was everywhere a great parade of justice, stocks and pillories being set up at frequent intervals for the punishment of offenders, and in the suburbs were oak cages in which nocturnal vagrants were confined, as well as pounds for stray beasts. The two pests of the thoroughfares were apprentices and carts, not only the ordinary town carts, but great lumbering wagons from the country drawn by seven or eight horses, with plumes, in single file, bringing passengers and goods to town. The apprentices were full of mischief, and the carts obstructed the rest of the traffic, so that James I was forced to warn one of the Lord Mayors to see to two things in the City, namely, the great devils and the little devils, the great devils being the carts which declined to give way to the coaches of the nobility, and the little devils being the shop boys, who made things unpleasant for sober-minded people.

It is surprising to hear from Busino that he considered the

streets safe at night, a statement which is not altogether in agreement with other accounts of the period. He states, however, that they were well policed, and that, for the better preserving of order, everyone was obliged to place a light over the door or in his shop window, and keep it burning for the greater part of the night. The shops, we learn, were numerous and well supplied with goods, each distinguished by its own sign like an inn. The shopkeepers tended, as was general at that time, to separate themselves by trades into particular districts. In Cheapside were the goldsmiths' shops with their display of gold and silver cups and modern and ancient coins of all kinds. In another quarter were the apothecaries, and elsewhere were the booksellers, not one of whom, to Busino's great disgust, could produce a single missal. The number of butchers' shops seems to have been extraordinary, and there were endless inns and eating-houses, beer-shops, and shops for the sale of every imaginable kind of wine, Alicante, Canary, Muscatel, Claret, Spanish, and Rhenish, all very good, but very dear. There were pastrycooks, poulterers, particularly those that sold rabbits, gunsmiths, and bird-fanciers for the sale of hawks and falcons and other birds of prey, which the dealers trained and sold ready for sport.

The theatres, as we have seen, were mostly on the Southwark side of the river. Plays were exceedingly popular, but some sober-minded citizens were against them, and the City authorities objected to the thronging of the streets by people riding and driving to the playhouse with the attendant concourse of rogues and vagabonds. In addition, the City claimed certain rights of licensing and censorship, which were very irksome, and it is not to be wondered at that an enterprising actor-manager should seek a more convenient place for the exercise of his craft beyond the jurisdiction of the Common Council. In 1600, stages devoted entirely to the presentation of the drama were almost unknown abroad. English travelling actors had carried the fame of the English drama to Holland, Denmark, Germany, and also to France, and the foreigner in London was likely to seek an early opportunity of visiting the Southwark theatres. We are all familiar, from the old views of London, with these six- or eight-sided buildings, three storeys in height, open to the sky, but with sloping eaves above the galleries. They were built mostly of wood, and were very inflammable. The play commenced at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, after the midday meal, and the prices varied according to position and comfort. Platter writes :

'These places are built in such a fashion that the players perform on a raised stage so that everyone can see what happens. Nevertheless there are different gangways and places where one sits more comfortably, but then you have to pay more. If you stand below you pay one English penny (pfenning), but if a seat is required you have to go in through another door and pay an extra penny. If you wish to sit on cushions in the most comfortable seat, so that you can not only see everything but can be seen yourself, you enter by yet another door and pay a further penny.'

These were the prices for ordinary performances, and, in considering them, it must be remembered that the purchasing power of money was then about five times greater than now, and, of course, on special occasions higher prices would be charged. At these times the crowd was so great that the players took large sums of money. Platter, unfortunately, knew no English and had only the vaguest notion of what was going forward, but he was much interested in looking on, especially when the Queen's players were performing. One item which is recorded by him, and which is of particular interest, is the fact that on September 21, 1599, apparently at the Globe Theatre, he witnessed a performance of 'Julius Cæsar,' in which fifteen actors took part, and which was most excellently rendered. Now 'Julius Cæsar' was at one time believed to have been first acted in 1601, but this reference makes it clear that it was performed at least two years earlier. Unfortunately Platter tells us nothing about the play itself, except that it was well done, and ended with a dance, and he makes no reference to the author. It is scarcely possible to realise to-day that Shakespeare was not even a name to him. He was, perhaps, even better pleased with a kind of mixture between a circus and a pantomime, which he saw at the Curtain in Bishopsgate. His detailed description of the performance shows what a deep impression it made on him:

'In this comedy all kinds of different nations are presented, with whom an Englishman fights the whole time for a damsel. He overcomes them all except the German, who wins the damsel by fighting. The German then sits himself down beside her and drinks her health with his servant in a tremendous draught. When the two are fuddled the servant throws his boot at the head of his master and he and the girl make off together. At this point the Englishman re-appears and robs the German of his booty, thus outwitting him.'

The costumes of the actors are described as surpassingly costly and beautiful, the custom in England being for fine gentlemen, when they died, to leave their wardrobe to their servants, who, since they could not wear such fine clothes, sold them to the players. Between the acts, food and drink were carried round, but what struck the foreigner more than anything else was the indiscriminate use of tobacco, all the men smoking pipes and filling the place with their smoke. The habit at this time had extended to few other countries, and Platter and Busino are both full of the subject. The actual process is perhaps best described by Platter :

‘ Then one lights the powder in the pipe, draws the smoke into the mouth and lets out a great cloud. After that one drinks a good draught of Spanish wine. This they use as a special medicine against moist humours, and the habit is so common to them that they carry their instrument (pipe) everywhere with them and in all places ; at Comedies, in the taverns, or elsewhere, they light up and commence to inhale, passing round the pipe to each other as we do wine till they become merry and silly as if they were drunk.’

Busino tells us that even at night a pipe and steel were kept by the pillow, so that the longing might be gratified in bed, and that gentlewomen were also addicted to the habit, but only as a medicine, and in private. So much money was expended on ‘ this nastiness,’ says Busino, that the duty on it alone yielded the king 40,000 golden crowns yearly.

In addition to the theatres, there were masques and pageants, bull and bear baiting, and cock fighting to amuse the visitor. The cock fighting took place chiefly at the Cock Pit in St. James’s Fields near to what is now Birdcage Walk, where the wagering was often very heavy. The baiting could be seen, mostly on Sundays, at the Bear Garden at Southwark. This brutal pastime was very popular with all classes of people, and Platter states he had seen even ‘ gentle-minded priests ’ transported with delight at what they saw.

Von Wedel and Busino both witnessed the Lord Mayor’s Show. Von Wedel’s account of this function, with much else that is of particular interest in his detailed account of London, must be reserved for another article, but Busino’s description can be noticed here. The first part of the pageant, which consisted of a procession of ships, galleys and brigantines, foists and barges, coming up the Thames from the Lord Mayor’s House to the palace, was viewed

from the mansion of a nobleman, which commanded a fine view of the river. The ships were beautifully painted, and carried countless banners and pennons, the oarsmen rowing rapidly with the flood tide, while salutes were fired from the shore. The Lord Mayor landed at the water stairs, close to the Houses of Parliament, to take the oath, and then made his progress back by road. This part of the procession was viewed from the shop of a respectable goldsmith in Cheapside. The streets were filled with a surging, fighting mass of people, and, to add to the confusion, showers of squibs and crackers were flung from the windows of the houses into the street. The City Marshal on horseback, with a gold collar round his neck, followed by two footmen in livery, kept parading up and down, while youths and men, armed with long fencing swords, aided and abetted by others, masked like wild giants, who threw fireballs and wheels about them, endeavoured to clear a passage through the crowd. But no sooner had a pathway been forced in one place, than the crowd closed in at another. When the procession itself appeared, it was indeed a goodly show. There were carts and stages drawn by griffins, and lions, and camels, and other strange animals laden with sundry confections, which were thrown among the populace. At this time, trade with the Indies was growing rapidly, Raleigh had not yet returned from his ill-fated expedition to Guiana, and popular interest in everything connected with overseas enterprise was amply reflected in the cars and tableaux with which the show was made up. There were cars representing Indian scenes. Men and women and children, dressed as Indians, danced and sang. One car was symbolical of Indian religions, while another represented a fine castle, and a third carried a beautiful ship supposed to be just returned from the Indies. Other stages were symbolical of commerce, and of the nations which traded with the East, and one was a Spaniard, wonderfully true to life, who imitated the gestures of that nation perfectly, and caused much amusement by his extravagant antics when passing the Spanish Ambassador. After the cars came the Archbishop of Canterbury on horseback, preceded by forty gentlemen on foot, wearing gold chains, and followed by torch-bearers, footmen, and other officers in tabards of black velvet richly embroidered. Next came the representatives of the House of Lords, and finally 'Milormero' himself on horseback wearing a red robe, a gold collar, and his chain of office, and accompanied by the aldermen and sheriffs.

MALCOLM LETTS.

THE NAHRWAN CANAL.

It is often overlooked that the gradual desiccation of Mesopotamia owing to the disuse or abandonment of the canals is due as much to natural as to political causes. When the Persians ruled the country, previous to the Arab conquest in the seventh century, the Tigris followed much the same course as it does to-day, and the Arabs inherited the irrigated system complete from them. But during the days of the Caliphate, between the seventh and fifteenth centuries, it changed its course completely, a circumstance which greatly affected the irrigation system depending on: (1) a sort of gridiron of comparatively short canals carrying water from the Euphrates to the Tigris, especially in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, where these rivers approach nearest each other, thus irrigating all the intervening country including the Babylonian plain; (2) a big trunk canal—the Nahrwan Canal, running parallel to and east of the Tigris between that river and the Persian hills, collecting and distributing the water flowing down from them.

It is not to be supposed that the change of bed was violent and sudden; nevertheless it was drastic and complete, and it may easily be imagined that floods and other causes, which could effect so great and permanent a change, could do a great deal of damage besides. Other causes were at work, especially silting, both by water-borne mud and by blown sand, destroying the great Persian irrigation works.

Thus the old Dujayl canal between the Euphrates and Baghdad became silted up, and the new Dujayl canal, running from Samarra to Baghdad on the right or west bank of the Tigris, was dug.

Though the canal system must to some extent have been adjusted to these great changes during the Caliphate times, as proved by the vast size and prosperity of the ancient cities, Samarra, Baghdad, Anbar, Wasit, Kufah, and others, many of which have passed completely away, while Samarra and Baghdad are to-day but shadows of their former selves, still changes were continually taking place, and the fear was ever present that the fickle Tigris might, like the Yellow river 'China's sorrow,' again change its course. This it did about the middle of the fifteenth century at the time of the Mongol conquest, going right back to the course it had followed before the Arab conquest, eight hundred years

earlier ; since when it has not again quitted the old channel, though vast changes have, of course, taken place in that lapse of time, particularly as regards silting up at the river mouth.

Plainly one of the chief changes which must result when a river takes an entirely new course, besides the flooding of the country while it is cutting out its channel, will be the effect it has on cities previously situated on the river bank, now left high and dry. Since the river usually retires gradually, these cities will dwindle gradually in sympathy, as such prosperity and facilities as depended on a population waned. With the decreasing population brought about by local famine, emigration, and loss of wealth, the canals, which required constant attention, began to suffer, and ground previously cultivated went out of cultivation. Thus once started the process becomes automatic. With an indolent and corrupt government ruling the country it is easy to see how the entire system will soon come to complete stagnation ; and as the canals disappeared the woodland, which down to comparatively recent times covered much of Mesopotamia, disappeared too, and the whole region took on that desert aspect which it wears to-day.

It is less than a hundred miles from the earthy deserts of Baghdad to the stony desert plateaux of Upper Mesopotamia, beyond Samarra. From the city wall you look over the roofs to the golden cupola of the mosque, flanked by two minarets and entered through a noble Moorish arch in the porcelain blue tiled gateway ; behind rise the four immense walls and strange spiral tower of the Sun Temple, the poor husk of what must once have been a wonderful building ; and on every side spreads the stony desert, covered in spring with brilliant flowers shooting up amongst the green grass and beautifying the grave of the once famous city of Harun-el-Raschid. High mounds of earth, crumbling walls, and shattered towers, stretching for seven leagues along the river bank, are all that remain of the proud city of the Caliphs.

Some ten miles north of modern Samarra we crossed the Nahrwan canal in the dead of night. Its thirty-foot ramp loomed up like a hill against the star-strewn sky, and the heavy Red Cross wagons pitched and rolled as they tore down the steep side, to disappear in the deep chasm ; but next moment they reappeared, the horses straining every nerve to breast the opposite slope.

At dawn we found ourselves again by the canal further north, where it connects with the Tigris, though that river now flows far below the canal level. It is many hundreds of years since waters

flowed here, for it was put out of commission by Alexander the Great when he marched half-way across Asia to the Indus. The Nahrwan canal, as stated, runs east of, and parallel to, the Tigris, from Kut-el-Amara of siege fame for a distance of over two hundred miles northwards; it was at the modern Kut that the river changed its course during the Caliphate times to flow along the channel of what is now the Shatt-el-Hai. Now, water only flows down the Shatt-el-Hai bed to the Euphrates during the spring flood; most of the year the channel is dry like the canals. In the neighbourhood of Daur, an Arab village some twenty miles north of Samarra, well known in Biblical history as the plain of Dura where Nebuchadnezzar set up the golden image, the Nahrwan canal is connected with the Tigris by a big branch, which reaches the river at a place called El Kantarat, literally 'the bridge,' probably referring to a ford, as there is no bridge there now, either over the river or over the canal; and it was at El Kantarat that we found ourselves encamped on the river cliff in the shadow of the huge canal banks, with mile on mile of ruined cities stretching away south and the stony flower-spangled desert all round. The sappers had cut a well-graded road through the canal, which otherwise presents an impassable obstacle to artillery and motor transport, and is none too easy for infantry.

Just here the banks are ten feet high, and the canal itself is twenty feet deep, and forty feet broad at the bottom, with sheer sides.

It may be asked, how is it that after two thousand years it is not filled up with blown dust, its sides crumbled, its banks cut up into isolated mounds, as are most of the Mesopotamian canals? The answer is that the canal is here cut through solid conglomerate as hard as flint.

Think what it means, many miles of canal as big as the Grand Canal of China, one of the wonders of the ancient world, cut through solid rock, not by steam dredgers, drills, and dynamite, but by men—huge gangs of slaves they must have been, like the Jewish captives of Babylon. Of course there is not two hundred miles, probably not even fifty miles, of the canal cut through solid rock; south of Samarra the plain is all silt baked hard by the sun, but easy enough to dig, consequently the canal is not nearly as well preserved here, though it can be traced throughout its entire length. Even two thousand years of dust storms and a hundred degree range of temperature between winter and summer are not sufficient to obliterate this stupendous engineering work.

One speaks of canals, and so big is the Nahrwan that one instinctively compares it with Suez and Panama ; but, of course, the comparison is quite misleading. The Mesopotamian canals are not ship canals but irrigation works, and are without the elaborate locks of ship canals, or the dams of modern irrigation schemes. They simply diverted water from one river to another, or took it from a river at one point and returned it lower down, a far less ambitious arrangement than the irrigation schemes of India and Australia, though not less effective.

There is, however, one irrigation system in work at the present day which is exactly like that of the ancient Persian system in Mesopotamia—I refer to that of the Chengtu plain in far western China, which, though initiated nearly one thousand years ago, is working as well now as when it was first started. This, too, depends upon the distribution of water from a head stream along a multitude of diverging channels which, converging lower down, return the water to the river whence it came. The fertility of the famous 'red basin' of Ssu-chuan with its teeming millions, the most thickly populated plain in all China, depends entirely on these simple irrigation works, and if we could see the Mesopotamia of two thousand years ago, we should probably find something very similar to that of Ssu-chuan to-day. Also, if by any means the irrigation system of the Chengtu plain was irreparably damaged, the whole of the 'red basin' would quickly be reduced to the condition of modern Mesopotamia, with strips of green along the few permanent water-courses, and wide areas of desert in between. There is, however, no Nahrwan canal in Ssu-chuan, nor anything comparable to it, for the Chengtu plain is very much smaller than Mesopotamia.

Looking down the length of the Nahrwan canal, which at Kantarat runs straight for some miles, you see the high walls split into square-faced, round-shouldered wedges of conglomerate by deep funnel-shaped gashes, which have spewed gravel from their gaping mouths till, the cones coalescing below, a sloping bank has been raised between the walls and the canal bed. This scree bank is steeper on the south facing side, and the wall is also more torn open by gullies, as the rain blows up from the south, thus producing an asymmetrical appearance. The sandy bed is covered in spring with rich green grass and bright flowers such as poppies, mignonette, and catchfly ; bunches of flowers also grow from the cliffs. It might indeed be a corner of England instead of six hundred

miles up the Tigris. From the top of the bank you look across the green desert to the blue line of the mountains, rising like a wall across the horizon, and to the silver arcs of the river as it twists its way through the gravel plateau, leaving high terraces on either hand. Here and there the ground is thrown into undulations like waves of a vast green sea breaking at our feet, the tower of Daur rising into the turquoise sky like a lighthouse, and groups of ruins like dark rocks.

F. KINGDON WARD.

THE STORY OF SADI.

SOMEHOW or other, I shall always associate the summer we spent at Bhim Tal with Sadi. A great many important things happened that year which might reasonably be expected to have diverted our attention; there was a bad outbreak of cholera down the valley, there was a great drought, and there were some unusually big *khud* fires. As far as the Regiment was concerned, too, it was a most busy time. A draft arrived from England to be trained, not, it is true, an unprecedented event with us, but it so happened that in this particular year we were given a shipload of the biggest villains that ever sailed east of Suez. The result was a busy orderly room and a shortage of accommodation in the cells. But, in spite of all these other matters which occupied our attention, it is with Sadi and his little story that I shall always associate Bhim Tal.

We went up there at the beginning of April. My chief recollection concerned with the move is that our entire domestic staff gave notice on learning of our destination. It was in vain that we tried first cajolery and then threats. The *bhisti* had a numerous family at Cawnpore from whom he could not bear to be parted for six months. The *khansamah* devoutly assured us that he would die in the Hills. The *khitmatgar* murmured about the high cost of living at Bhim Tal, and would not be comforted even by a prospective rise in wages. The sweeper desired to leave, mainly, as far as we could gather, because the others were going, and the *ayah* refused to stay for the excellent reason that she was the wife of the sweeper.

Later on, at Bhim Tal, we discovered that the Cantonment had a bad name throughout Northern India through the strictness with which it investigated the previous careers of native servants entering it. There is a certain Black Book, the property of the police, and the bogey of every native servant who, at one time or another, has loved his master's property too well. All those whose names are entered in it are sternly turned aside at the gate of Bhim Tal and cast forth into the outer darkness of the Plains.

The inference is that my domestic staff were robbers to a man, a fact of which I am perfectly well aware; however, we had come to an excellent understanding on that point, and for the rest—the only difference between native servants is that some are robbers

who have been found out, and the rest robbers who have not been found out. On the whole, the former class is preferable.

So it was that, on an extremely warm day towards the end of March, I shifted my quarters to the bachelor atmosphere of the Mess, while my wife set off for Bhim Tal to commandeer a bungalow and furniture, and to collect a new lot of servants.

It was on the evening of the second day after the arrival of the Regiment that I made the acquaintance of Sadi.

There is something in the air of a Hill station which leads, on arrival, to an outbreak of manual labour. Consequently, while my wife was performing gymnastic feats with curtain rods, I had been weeding, with more zeal than efficiency, a tangled patch of jungle which she insisted on calling 'the garden.'

As a result, I was sitting in a long chair on the verandah, drinking a well-earned whisky and soda, when my repose was suddenly disturbed by the consciousness that I was an object of great interest to what appeared to be a *pagri*. It was blue in colour, unusually voluminous in form, and was, apparently, claiming my admiration. On further inspection, I found that the *pagri* was supported by a small head, which in its turn was attached to a little round body ending in a pair of stick-like legs. The *pagri* was peeping round the corner of the verandah, and, of its setting, I could see nothing at first but a pair of extremely bright eyes and grubby hands. As soon as my attention had been engaged, the *pagri*, plus its owner, advanced coyly from cover on to the path in front of the verandah. I found myself confronted by an Indian youth, some eight years of age, who was clearly inviting me, with a winning smile, to admire his taste in headgear. I suppose my face did not show enough enthusiasm, for my visitor began to execute a 'pas seul' on the path, the sole object of which was to display the charms of the blue *pagri*.

At this point, my wife appeared from within, fondly embracing a pair of curtains.

'Who,' I asked, 'is Beau Brummel?' Perhaps I should explain that my wife has a weakness for native children, which five years of life in India have not availed to cure.

She promptly dropped a curtain. 'Oh that!' she said. 'That engaging child is the sweeper's boy. Salaam, Sadi,' she continued 'and give the sahib a salaam, too. And what a beautiful *pagri*!' The salaam was followed by a broad grin. The *pagri* had clearly come into its own, and the little packet of vanity turned on his heel

with the air of a Parisian dressmaker's model, the better to display its flowing tail.

'And now, Harry,' when the inspection was over, 'just come in a moment and help me with this curtain rod; I can't reach up so high.'

After this introduction, I had frequent opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of Sadi; regularly every evening he would appear in front of the verandah clad in a little white tunic and the immense *pagri*. We were very busy with the garden—everybody who has been to a Hill station knows what that means—all hands are turned on to the job; weeds are cleared away; seeds arrive from Poona, and, presently, highly coloured labels stuck in the ground inform you that those orderly little lines are the sites of real English vegetables and flowers. Some time in the future, you are optimistically told, peas, beans, carrots, tomatoes, beetroot and radishes will appear on the table, while the garden itself will be a blaze of pansies, forget-me-nots, cosmos and sweet-william.

The *mali* looks on with an injured air at the sahibs in their madness. He could do it all so much better with his little curved knife. Moreover, he nurses a secret conviction that none of these seeds, so confidently committed to the soil, will ever see the light of day. In fairness to him, it should be added that this conviction is the fruit of experience.

Sadi, however, viewed the matter in a very different way. Gardening was to him a new and delightful game, mysterious, perhaps, in its purpose, but most fascinating in its details; moreover, a game which he was allowed to play with the sahibs. So, regularly every evening, he would turn up with his basket and plod to and fro with great loads of weeds. Then there was the putting in of the seeds, when he would hold the packet with reverent fingers, while the memsahib dropped them into their hiding-places; or there was the beautifully grubby job of watering when the sun had gone down. Sometimes Sadi was allowed to do this himself, and off he would stagger with the big can, pouring the water with glorious indifference over the seeds and over himself.

But the chief joy was the bonfire. At the end of the garden a slope ran down to the bridle path and, when we arrived, this slope was inches deep in an accumulation of dead leaves and pine needles. So, at the bottom, we used to light a fire and throw on it great heaps of refuse. This was the best game of all for Sadi, and he would clamber about, wielding a rake, half as long again as himself,

pitch-forking great bundles of leaves on to the flames, and stirring the fire into a fresh blaze whenever it showed signs of dying out.

We got quite accustomed to that little *pagri*-ed form climbing about among the rhododendrons, and I think we would both have missed it. Certainly my wife would have, but she was always foolish about children. Sadi, however, had another and unexpected ally in Bags, the bull terrier. The latter was a gentleman of unprepossessing appearance and ferocious temper. In a previous life, he must have been a prize fighter; in his present existence, he merely fought for love of fighting. His general attitude towards natives was distrust, qualified by contempt, and towards children, white or brown, of complete boredom.

Sadi, however, by some spell, had quite won his heart. When the day's work was over the two would play together, in the garden, mysterious little games in which Bags suffered his tail to be pulled with some violence on the understanding that he, afterwards, was permitted to make a savage bound at his tormentor. Then would ensue the most blood-curdling growls of rage and disappointment, and the game would begin again. Or Sadi would place his arms round Bags' neck and whisper gently in Hindustani to him, while Bags sat with the vulgar smile of a bull terrier on his face, as one who listens to a doubtful story. On the whole, it is with Bags and the garden that I shall chiefly associate Sadi. My wife and I would sit out on the verandah after dark had fallen; in the distance would be the vicious glare of some *khud* fire, glowing like a flash of lightning that had settled on the hill side. In a tree close by, a cicada would be chirruping with piercing note, and down in the valley one could hear the barking of the *karkar*. And in and out and round Sadi would run with Bags in close pursuit. Then there would be ambushes and sudden attacks and hairbreadth escapes. Finally, the *ayah* would slip unobtrusively out of the house and, with a shrill cry or two, would herd a reluctant offspring to the *godown* behind the house.

After the first month, Sadi was promoted to the proud rank of dog-boy, and it was a great day for him when, for the first time, he led forth Bags for his morning walk. This was a daily function, and, regularly at eight o'clock, we would see the pair set out, Bags prancing frivolously at the end of a long chain, and Sadi, full of dignity and sporting a little round cap (the *pagri* was for smart afternoon wear), clinging tight to his end of the lead.

His promotion brought with it the princely salary of five rupees

a month, and on the fifth day of the month (pay day), he would appear, clad in his best, at the rear of our retainers and receive his wages. Then, with the utmost gravity, he would give me a very smart salute, which I discovered he had learnt from his friend, Private Moffat, of the Military Police.

As a result, on the evening of the first pay day, Sadi came out in a new *pagri*, khaki in colour and in size a shade bigger, if possible, than its blue predecessor. Of this he was inordinately vain, and was, I need hardly say, encouraged in his vanity by my wife.

He was, too, most abominably spoilt by his mother, the *ayah*. She was always tricking him out in new bits of finery, a fresh white tunic of fine cotton or a pair of gilt-embroidered shoes. But it is strange how unspoilable is the Indian infant of eight years.

* * * * *

I have learnt from experience to tell from my wife's face whenever a domestic crisis has arisen. There is a tightness about the lips and a firmness about the eyes and an air of abstracted worry about the face generally, that tell their own tale.

So when, on a fine morning, I came down from the Barracks to lunch and observed these premonitory symptoms, I prepared myself for the worst.

The story survived the cold beef and only came in with the stewed fruit. 'Harry,' said my wife, 'the sweeper is quite incorrigible; he was drunk again last night, and the *khansamah* is complaining bitterly about him.'

'Well,' I replied, 'we had better get rid of him; it will never do to have the *khansamah* shocked.' My wife was clearly not satisfied.

'But you know how hard it is to get good servants up here. Besides, there is the *ayah*; she would want to leave, too.'

'Does that matter?' I answered. 'Why, my dear, you were telling me only yesterday morning that she was not at all satisfactory.'

By this time, I thought that I had fathomed the trouble.

'Well,' rejoined my wife, 'if I did get rid of them both, I should never get new servants at this time. They've all been snapped up long ago.'

'Oh,' said I, 'that will be all right, my dear. The Brennet Harrises have just gone down to the Plains, and have left their staff up here.'

Checkmate!

There was a pause. Then—

‘You know, I think that you’re a little hard on the servants. They probably wouldn’t get another job.’

‘But,’ I objected, ‘you said just now that there was a shortage up here. Surely there would be no difficulty.’

Another pause. Then—

‘Don’t you think, my dear, that it would do if you gave the sweeper a *really good* talking to, and told him that if it happens again he will have to go.’

I lit a cigarette and strolled on to the verandah.

As a Parthian shot, I flung back: ‘Why not admit at once that the real reason why you do not wish the sweeper to go is your sentimental passion for that ridiculous child of his?’

‘Why are men so illogical?’ said my wife to the empty place opposite to her.

Later in the day, I gave the sweeper a severe lecture on the sin of drunkenness and the difficulty he would find in getting a new job.

He listened with the greatest humility, and replied, when I had finished, with a series of quite irrelevant compliments, entwined with a number of statements about his own poverty.

* * * * *

The ‘Chota Bursat’ had broken over Bhim Tal. For two days we had lived in an atmosphere of mackintoshes and gum boots and leaky ceilings. The rain and hail had beaten on the galvanised-iron roof with the rattle of musketry, and when there were lulls a thick mist had come down and wrapped the station in its raw white folds.

On the evening of the second day a gentle breeze had arisen, the mists rolled away into the valley and the sun came shyly out. I went into the garden to take stock. The transformation was startling. The rain had come after a long drought, and ground, which a few days before had been parched and barren, was a mass of greenery. Everything in the garden seemed to have struggled to the surface. Not merely our own seeds, but those of our predecessors, and our predecessors’ predecessors, were pushing their way out, mingling in a riotous tangle with all the weeds which we thought we had rooted up.

I set to work at once with a large basket.

I remember that I was pinning a wandering trail of convolvulus to one of the verandah posts when the thing happened.

Quite suddenly, from the servants' quarters, arose a terrific uproar. This in itself did not greatly disturb me. These little storms were constantly breaking and would generally subside as quickly as they had started.

It usually meant that the *khansamah* was accusing the *ayah* of telling tales to the memsahib about the wasting of stores, or that the syce was trying to persuade the *bhisti* to fetch water for the pony, or that the *khitmatgar* was being charged with stealing sugar. This time, however, the uproar continued, and seemed pitched on a higher note.

Then round the corner of the bungalow came a strange little procession. In front was the *ayah*, her bangles and ear-rings clashing and jingling, and her long white dress flapping furiously, as she flung herself about.

'Ai, ai, ai, ai!' came from her in long-drawn wails.

Behind came a coolie, carrying a shapeless bundle in his arms, and beside him walked the sweeper with sullen face.

A little to the rear came a rapidly growing tail, the *mali*, the *bhisti*, the *masalchi*, the syce, and the rest of our staff, who turned up as if by magic at the first sound of the wailing.

The coolie placed his bundle on the ground a few yards from me. It was Sadi—a strange little Sadi, with a curiously grey face, marked near the left temple with a streak of red. There were one or two other stains on the khaki *pagri* of which he had been so proud and which he had bought with his own money. He lay there very still, and the *ayah* bent over him, rocking herself and crooning with a sort of wild despair.

'Ai, ai, ai, ai!'

The others all began talking at once, forgetting, as it were, the little figure lying motionless on the ground. I pushed them aside, and made the coolie carry Sadi to his tiny *charpoy* in the *godown*.

Then we sent for the doctor.

My bearer told me, a little incoherently, what had happened.

Saddhu, the sweeper, had gone to the Bazaar that afternoon, taking the child with him. There, he had imbibed considerably more native spirit than was good for him. In this state, he had fallen in with some coolies who were passing through, and, becoming quarrelsome, had proceeded to fall out with them, too.

A brawl had ensued; sticks and stones were freely used, and, suddenly, little Sadi had fallen over, struck on the temple by a big bit of jagged rock.

Then they had taken him home.

We did what we could. The doctor came, but shook his head over the business ; and that night little Sadi's life flickered quietly out. He never even recovered consciousness.

We missed the poor little chap more than I should have thought possible. Somehow when we came to make a bonfire over the side of the *khud*, we could not help thinking of that active mite, with his huge *pagri* and his long rake, climbing about among the dead leaves. Or in the garden afterwards we missed the scampering about the paths, the exciting little games with Bags.

Poor old Bags ! He was very sad for a few days, and would come up to us with drooping tail and ask us, reproachfully, what we had done with Sadi.

As for the sweeper, he ought to have had a good beating. As it was, I was weak enough to give him ten rupees, as a sort of consolatory *bakshish*. The brute pocketed it with avidity, and was very drunk again three days later.

Afterwards, I found that my wife had, quite unnecessarily, made a similar present to the *ayah*.

Women are most grossly sentimental creatures.

J. G. LOCKHART.

D'ARTAGNAN AND MILADY.

BY LLOYD SANDERS.

THE sources whence the great Alexandre Dumas drew the immortal series of novels, '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*,' '*Vingt Ans Après*,' and '*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*,' are not to be approached in a spirit of detraction. Historical romance depends, after all, on history, and the degree of indebtedness becomes a small matter when compared with the merit of treatment. Dumas may have rifled his authorities with a rapacious hand; he may have set the laws of time and space at defiance in dealing with the downfall of Charles I., and have converted Condé into a Court functionary of Louis XIV. when he was actually in the service of Spain. But he invariably manufactured a fine fabric out of his homespun materials. What is more, Dumas' historical personages are essentially conceived in the spirit of historical justice. His Louis XIII. and Richelieu come much nearer reality than the corresponding figures in Alfred de Vigny's '*Cinq Mars*'; he gives us the real Anne of Austria, more or less of the real Mazarin, and certainly the real Louis XIV. of the golden prime. He was fortunate in having to help him a collaborator of genuine learning in Auguste Maquet; and when the dramatic version of '*Les Mousquetaires*' was produced, the unexpected announcement of Maquet as part-author was no more than an act of proper gratitude. Still the vitalising force in the whole achievement was Dumas' own.

For the backbone of '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*,' Dumas, or Maquet as his assistant, took the so-called '*Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan*.'¹ Their author, Courtilz de Sandras, was an old hand at the literary vamp. Thus we have from him, '*Mémoires de M. de B., secrétaire de M. de C. de R.*'; initials defying identification, but suggesting all sorts of mysteries. His '*Life*' of Turenne purports to have been written by Du Buisson, captain of the regiment of Verdelin, a creature entirely of Courtilz' imagination. But his favourite trick was to take a person recently dead, and to envelope him in adventures, authentic if possible, and when that source ran dry, in escapades characteristic of his times. By way

¹ An English translation of these Memoirs by Mr. Ralph Nevill was published in 1898-99

of background to his hero, he interpolated chapters on public events, written in a gossiping, anecdotal manner, and showing a surprising familiarity with the utterances of kings and ministers, even when delivered in the closest secrecy. In this style Courtilz perpetuated some memoirs of Richelieu and Mazarin by M. le C. de R., obviously the Comte de Rochefort, who, next to Father Joseph, was the elder Cardinal's best-known familiar, and who figures of course in 'Les Trois Mousquetaires.' His masterpiece in artifice, if not in audacity, was the 'Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan,' which appeared in 1702, twenty-nine years after their alleged author had fallen at Maestricht.

The real d'Artagnan was, as Browning would have said, a person of some importance in his day. He was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, son of Bertrand de Batz, seigneur of Castelmore, and of Françoise de Montesquiou. His father belonged to the smaller and invariably indigent nobility of Gascony; and his mother being of higher lineage, he assumed the territorial surname of d'Artagnan, which distinguished the younger branch of her house. 'They say of me,' Courtilz makes him remark, 'that I am not a d'Artagnan, except on the female side, and that I am really a Castelmore.' An elder brother, who kept to the name of Castelmore, died in 1712, Governor of Navarreins, and if Saint-Simon is to be believed, over a hundred years old. Contemporary writers naturally do not concern themselves with d'Artagnan's beginnings, but there is no reason for discrediting the statement of Courtilz that he entered the Musqueteers through the influence of their captain, de Tréville, a fellow Gascon. Whatever his fortunes under Louis XIII. and Richelieu, or Richelieu and Louis XIII., may have been, he was well regarded by Mazarin during the Regency of Anne of Austria. Mme. de Motteville unceremoniously terms him 'one of the Cardinal's creatures'; and though Courtilz probably embroiders his facts, Mazarin seems to have sent d'Artagnan on secret missions, and, as was his wont, to have been mightily chary in rewarding him either with promotion or money.

After the death of Mazarin, when Louis XIV. promptly emancipated himself from ministerial guidance, d'Artagnan became a personage.

'He caused himself to be well regarded both in war and at Court,' says Saint-Simon, 'where he became so highly esteemed by the King that he would in all likelihood have made a considerable fortune if he had not been killed before Maestricht in 1673.'

... This captain of Musqueteers made the name of d'Artagnan to be known; the King always liked it.¹

Thus, when Louis XIV. came to exercise his first great act of authority, the arrest of Nicholas Fouquet, the profligate Superintendent of Finance, in 1661, it was to his trusty d'Artagnan, still a lieutenant only, that he had recourse. There are several versions of the story, and Dumas, with a novelist's licence, exaggerates them all in 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.' The grey horse on which Fouquet is said to have tried to escape from Nantes and d'Artagnan's pursuit on the black one are unhistoric. Even the sagacious Mme. de Motteville seems to have been misled about an attempted exchange of carriages and a flight by a winding road. Though the stroke had to be postponed for several days because d'Artagnan had an attack of fever, Fouquet made no resistance, and d'Artagnan escorted him as far as Amboise, protecting him by the way from hostile demonstrations.²

Fouquet once caught, had to be caged, and d'Artagnan was entrusted with his keeping at Vincennes, whence he was transferred to the Bastille. We can all well believe that he performed his duties most carefully. The disgraced man had many sympathisers, and among them was Mme. de Sévigné. She went masked, she tells us,³ with several ladies, to a house commanding a view of the arsenal.

'I saw him coming from afar. M. d'Artagnan was by his side; 50 musqueteers thirty or forty paces behind him. He seemed as though in a dream. For my own part, when I perceived him, my legs trembled, and my heart beat so hard that I felt overcome. As he drew near us to enter his cell, M. d'Artagnan nudged him and told him we were there. So he bowed to us.'

That is like d'Artagnan, always courteous, even where an enemy was concerned. His wearisome guardianship ended in December, 1664, when he escorted Fouquet to Pignerol, lending him furs for the crossing of the Alps, with Saint-Mars, who had taken part in his arrest, as his permanent custodian.

D'Artagnan it was who in 1671, ten years after the arrest of Fouquet, escorted another prisoner, his fellow Gascon, the Duc de

¹ *Mémoires*, vol. vii., p. 388 (edition of 1857).

² The official account of Fouquet's arrest is to be found in the Appendix to Saint-Simon's *Mémoires*, vol. xii.

³ In a letter to Pomponne, dated November 27, 1664. *Lettres*, i. 451 (edition of 1862).

Lauzun, to Pignerol. Compromised through his own eccentricities, the jealousy of Louvois, the Minister, and the cupidity of Mme. de Montespan, the favourite of Louis XIV. was thunderstruck when the blow fell, though he was probably not unaware of its origin. Lauzun would then have been the husband of Mademoiselle de Montpensier (La Grande Mademoiselle), the King's cousin, had he not perversely insisted that the marriage should be celebrated at the King's Mass, and so give the princes of the blood time to pour deterrent remonstrances into the royal ear. From Mademoiselle's slipshod but amusing '*Mémoires*' we learn that d'Artagnan, while studiously polite, neglected no precautions.

'With the company of Musqueteers, he took M. de Lauzun to Pignerol; he put into the coach with him one of his nephews, who was an officer in the Guards' regiment, and Maupertuis, ensign of Musqueteers, who never left him. They were very civil to him, but extremely vigilant in looking after him.'¹

The journey over, and Lauzun consigned to Pignerol, where, in spite of the Argus-eyed Saint-Mars, he succeeded in communicating with Fouquet through the flue of a chimney, first 'the little d'Artagnan,' and then d'Artagnan himself took furtive occasions to give their news to the broken-hearted Mademoiselle. The uncle assured her that he admired the spirit of M. de Lauzun, whose servant he had been before his misfortune; and that even if he had not been his servant on his own account, he would have become so through the honour in which Lauzun was held by his acquaintances. D'Artagnan continued that he had left Lauzun in good health, in so far as a man could be who was banished from his King, and that Lauzun had talked so many times and in such a moving way of the honour and regard in which he held the royal person, that he had been much touched. Mademoiselle asked if these words had been repeated to his Majesty. D'Artagnan replied, Yes; and that he had nothing more to say to her except that Lauzun 'loved all he ought to love; that his heart was full of nothing else, and that he felt his absence from those dear to him acutely.' He added immediately afterwards, 'He has given me no message; he knew that it was not right that I should undertake a commission of that sort.'

This eminently discreet and yet heartening information was very gratifying to Mademoiselle. She had, besides, a particular regard

¹ *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier* (Petitot 45, p. 336).

for d'Artagnan, who was, she considered, a man of very great merit, an honest man and faithful to his friends. His conduct, she thought, was the more creditable because he had quarrelled with Lauzun at the battle of Hesdin, and had failed to accept Lauzun's explanation that he was merely obeying the King's commands when he came to cross-purposes with d'Artagnan. They had not spoken for two years, and reconciliation had only been effected fifteen days before Lauzun's arrest, after d'Artagnan had heard that his enemy, despite their difference, persisted in speaking well of him. The King himself had confirmed out of his own mouth these instances of Lauzun's generosity, when he gave d'Artagnan the command to take him to Pignerol; it was, Mademoiselle reflected, a piece of unexampled equity, coming as it did at a moment when his Majesty had urgent reasons to complain of the prisoner's conduct. One can imagine the irascible, emotional Gascons, the magniloquent King, and the poor lady anxious to catch hold of any comforting symptom in the crisis!

When d'Artagnan fell before Maestricht, Mademoiselle, while regretting him for his staunchness to his friends, added again that he was a very brave man. But of his military career we do not get a very definite notion. We snatch glimpses of him in the accounts of Turenne's campaigns, when the Household troops were ordered to the wars, but it is little more than a case of 'mentioned in despatches.' Altogether we may reasonably suppose that he owed his professional prosperity rather to Court favour than to exploits on the Flanders front. Even so, he had to serve for many years as a lieutenant-captain of the Grey Musqueteers under the elder Maupertuis, until his chief—who was over eighty and neglectful of his duty—allowed him to purchase the captaincy for 150,000 livres. The King made amends for this long wait by creating him a Chevalier of the Order of the Saint-Esprit, the French equivalent for our Garter; and, but for his death at Maestricht, he would have become Captain of the Guards.

The campaign, in which d'Artagnan smelt powder for the last time, opened on May 1, 1673, when Louis XIV., commanding in person, left Paris to chastise the Dutch. He marched straight to Maestricht, the principal town in Brabant, and invested the place on June 10. On June 23, the Musqueteers distinguished themselves by seizing a half-moon and holding it in spite of heavy losses, until the pioneers had dug a trench. Next day the Dutch re-occupied it, and d'Artagnan, with a few men, was ordered to

support the counter-attack. For a while it succeeded, but in the end the position was lost. When the Musqueteers retired, their popular Captain was missing. A search party, with Saint-Leger at its head, braved the enemy's fire, and found d'Artagnan well to the front, killed by a musket-ball. They brought in his body. The *Gazette de France* recorded his death, and added that the King was sensibly grieved, both because of the Sieur d'Artagnan's valour and the trust his Majesty had in him.

Such was the d'Artagnan of fact; who, by the way, is to be distinguished from a cousin, who became a French marshal, and took the name of Montesquieu. Saint-Simon contrasts the rectitude of our friend with the tortuousness of his relative, who courted Madame de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine by back-stairs means.¹ How much Courtilz knew about the Captain of Musqueteers it is difficult to say; probably but little. He gives a fairly correct account of the arrest of Fouquet, and, while exaggerating the incident, mentions Mme. de Sévigné's successful attempt to get a sight of the prisoner.² But he antedates d'Artagnan's captaincy by a good many years, making it a favour extorted from Mazarin; and appoints him Governor of Lille, a post he cannot have held consistently with his duties in Paris. Courtilz's general idea seems to have been to take a well-known character, a Hodson of Hodson's Horse, or a General Burnaby, and write a novel in the first person about him. The military adventures are fairly reasonable; thus d'Artagnan penetrates in disguise to a besieged garrison to tell it relief is at hand; caught on his way back, he would certainly have been shot as a spy by Condé, if he had winked an eyelid at the wrong moment. Escapes of the kind were not uncommon in little warfare against fortifications. But Courtilz outrages probability almost as boldly as Dumas himself in the diplomatic missions on which he despatches d'Artagnan. Thus he would have us believe that, after the death of Cromwell, Mazarin sent d'Artagnan to England with the object of arranging a marriage between one of his beautiful nieces and Charles II., or, failing Charles, with Richard Cromwell. 'Queen Dick' had unfortunately, as Mazarin would have known very well, a wife alive at the time in Dorothy, the daughter of Richard Mayor of Hursley.

¹ *Mémoires*, vol. vii., p. 387.

² Courtilz's *Mémoires* were published in 1702; Mme. de Sévigné's letters to Pomponne only appeared in print in 1756.

The real value of the 'Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan,' as Dumas perceived, consists in their reflection of the life of the Musqueteers. They bring back the happy-go-lucky existence of the 'cape and sword' period; its tavern-brawls, its duels, its impecuniosity relieved either by a lucky game at cards or sponging on some dame of degree; they are in fact, in Dumas' own words, 'sketches made on barrack doors and the walls of inns.' Courtilz makes a great point of the rivalry between the Musqueteers of Louis XIII. and those of Richelieu, and the consequent bloodshed when they met in the streets. The wonderful yellow pony on which d'Artagnan rode up from his native Béarn figures in Courtilz's pages; so does the quarrel with Rochefort, who is called Rosnay in the 'Mémoires.' Thence, too, Dumas extracted the raw material, so to speak, of d'Artagnan's landlady, dear little Mme. Bonacieux, and her curmudgeon of a husband. The fateful game of tennis and its consequences, M. de Tréville's inquiry, the audience with Louis XIII., and the wrath of Richelieu, are all drawn from Courtilz. Above all, Dumas went to the 'Mémoires' for the original of the sinister Milady.

Courtilz's Milady is a maid-of-honour of Henrietta Maria, the fugitive Queen of England. His d'Artagnan has a love affair with her, and outwits a rival much on the lines adopted by Dumas, though in point of ingenuity the 'Mémoires' are not to be compared with 'Les Trois Mousquetaires.' At that point Courtilz drops Milady; but Dumas, with the 'Mémoires' of La Rochefoucauld to help him, develops her into a spy of Richelieu, and, for the time being at any rate, into an historical character.¹ She becomes in fact the Lady Carlisle, who, to serve the Cardinal and avenge herself on Buckingham, cut off from the Duke's dress the diamond pendants, or, as Dumas has it, a pendant, which had been given him by Anne of Austria. 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' sticks pretty close to history in its account of how Buckingham foiled his enemies by having a facsimile of the pendant manufactured and sent to the Queen, while a proclamation closing the ports prevented Lady Carlisle from taking her theft to Richelieu. Only La Rochefoucauld provokingly says nothing about d'Artagnan's part in the complication, nor about the ball at which Anne of Austria confounded the Cardinal by appearing with the diamonds on her. That is pure Dumas. La Rochefoucauld concludes somewhat tamely with,

¹ *Mémoires de La Rochefoucauld* (Petitot 51, pp. 342-4).

'Thus the Queen escaped the vengeance of this infuriated woman (Lady Carlisle), and the Cardinal lost what seemed a safe means of exposing her and opening the King's eyes as to all his doubts, since the pendants came from him and he had given them to the Queen.'

Lady Carlisle was, in some ways, not so complete a she-villain as Milady, the poisoner of Mme. Bonacieux. Still as S. R. Gardiner severely remarks, she followed up the excitement of a youth of pleasure with the excitement of a middle age of treachery, divulging Court secrets to Pym and Essex at one time, at another promoting Royalist risings against the Commonwealth. But with her later baseness Dumas had no concern.

Dumas took from Courtitz de Sandras the names of d'Artagnan's three companions, Athos, Porthos and Aramis. In the 'Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan' they appear as three Gascon brothers. They are merely friends of the autobiographer, who help him out of his difficulties; no attempt is made to invest them with individuality and they soon fade out of the narrative. Dumas took these shadows of shades and gave them flesh and blood. They are more or less types of the man-at-arms, as the novelist understood him.

In the case of Athos, otherwise the Comte de la Fère, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the 'manuscript in folio, numbered 4772 or 4773,' which Dumas asserts in the preface to 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' that Paulin Pâris, the famous antiquary and editor, discovered for him in the Bibliothèque Royale. The affected vagueness as to the catalogue puts us on our guard at once, and no 'Memorial of some of the events which were enacted in France towards the end of the reign of King Louis XIII. and the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.' has ever been discovered by the numerous French critics of Dumas. Athos—the worthy but slightly tedious Athos—whom d'Artagnan only once ventured to *tutoyer*, is to be found rather in the pages of Brantôme's 'Hommes Illustres' and of the 'Loyal Serviteur' of Bayard. He is to be taken as a survival of a nobler age, and it is in that sense that Dumas puts into his mouth the eloquently turgid address to the Vicomte de Bragelonne when that youth girded on the ancestral sword.

Porthos, on the other hand, with his *gros bon sens* and his gigantic strength, is a figure of more modern type. Dumas had a model before him in his own father, the mulatto General, whose

physical force was great, while he himself in his ebullient youth had been a fine man of his hands. Already in 'La Reine Margot' he had produced a Hercules in Coconnas with his many inches and broad shoulders, and Coconnas has his place—a small one—in history. But Dumas does not revel over the comrade of the unhappy La Mole, as he does over the associate of Athos and Aramis. In his simplicity—his loyal engagement in enterprises he did not in the least understand—Porthos is the true hero of the Musqueteers series. The lament over his death in 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,' in spite of its touch of bombast, comes nearer genuine pathos than anything that Dumas ever wrote. And Porthos is so thoroughly human in his huge appetite, his enjoyment of his wealth and his craving for a dukedom. The detail of the *baudrier* or cross-belt, so magnificent in front and disguised by a cloak as to its poverty behind, comes from Courtilz. In the general vanity of the man we may get an echo of Marshal de Bassompierre, with whose 'Mémoires' Dumas was well acquainted. Still Porthos as a whole is just himself, and his only begetter is Dumas.

Aramis—the subtle Aramis—reveals his own origin in 'Vingt Ans Après,' namely, de Retz, the Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, who afterwards became the famous Cardinal. He says to Athos:

'He is a swashbuckler, and so am I; he gads about the streets, and so do I; his cassock sits heavy on him, and I, I think, have had enough of mine. I sometimes imagine that he is Aramis and I am the Coadjutor, so perfect is the analogy between us. This Sosius (Dumas apparently means Socicles or Dromio) bores me and depresses me.'¹

In personal appearance there was little in common between the short-sighted, bow-legged little Cardinal and the handsome, effeminate Aramis, who pinched the lobes of his ears to give them a rosy tint. But they were of the same race in their laxity of morals, their contempt for their orders and the vastness of their ambitions. It is remarkable how Aramis grows under the cunning hand of Dumas. In 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' we are chiefly interested in his amours with Mme. de Longueville and Mme. de Chevreuse. He continues to play a minor part in 'Vingt Ans Après,' except in the audacious scene of his impersonation of Bishop Juxon during the last hours of Charles I. But in 'Le

¹ *Vingt Ans Après*, vol. ii., ch. xix., p. 124.

Vicomte ' he dominates the book, dragging the unsuspecting Porthos in his wake. And if Aramis trod devious paths to become General of the Jesuits, so did de Retz to win his Cardinal's hat. De Retz aimed besides at even more exalted things; no less than the overthrow of Mazarin and the instalment of himself as Minister. The activities of Aramis continued, however, after Cardinal de Retz had been effectively snuffed out by the wily Italian. Dumas perceived in the machinations of Fouquet, notably in his fortification of Belle-Ile as a place of refuge, a capital atmosphere for his man of close designs and crooked counsels.

SOCIAL BRUSSELS AS I REMEMBER IT.

It was in a big Irish country-house—of all surroundings the most likely to conduce to permanence—that my mother conceived the enterprising thought of breaking up her establishment, putting down her stables and her farm, and departing for the Continent with her family, in order that this latter should receive a fine educative polish. My mother was a person of impulse—she had energy, and an unfailing spring of vitality to bring her through worse difficulties than that of conveying us across two countries and two seas.

Yet it was no small adventure, since 'us' comprised a boy of eighteen—that most tiresome age, or rather period, of youth—four little girls, all tripping on each other's heels, and finally the sturdy, handsome, fair, creature, still known to us as 'Baby,' to his own resentment, having arrived at the mature age of six. Add a governess, two maids (one the incarnation of plaintive helplessness), a courier—no self-respecting family ever travelled without a courier in those days—and a Maltese terrier—the apple of my mother's eye, and the most explosive-tempered animal that it is possible to imagine—and you will have some idea of the difficulties and importance of our progress.

Brussels was to be our first halt—it proved to be a long one as we remained there for several years, which is a tribute to the little town's artistic and educational facilities, and also to its charm, which my mother, a clever and cultivated woman, was quick to feel. Indeed, I believe that even had we confined ourselves exclusively to those circles where talent and intelligence count more than pedigrees, our time in Brussels would have been an epoch in our lives; for Brussels was then, and may become again, a place where music and literature flourished and were understood. Many an opera, and many a French play, were first launched upon a Brussels audience, and fronted greater cities only after its approval.

But my mother had to consider the claims of the débutante. She who now writes, the eldest of four daughters, could not, in the nature of things, be kept from social initiation. *Dans le monde*, as it was called, the only world that counted in Brussels, she had to be brought, and it meant, like Agag, treading delicately.

I sometimes wonder whether my mother (who was not only independent in her opinions but accustomed to give the lead) would have consented to take me out, had she known what petty tyranny and absurd conventionality it entailed in Brussels. For myself, much as I enjoyed the excitement of the social round, I infinitely preferred its artistic opportunities, its museums, plays and concerts, and above all our intercourse with the great master, and delightful man, who gave us music lessons.

Alphonse Mailly was—is, for I trust he may still be alive—a great artist. He was then professor at the celebrated Brussels Conservatoire, organist at the Carmelite Church on the Boulevard Léopold, where many came, to listen to his great and delicate playing, who did not come to pray. Witty, intuitive, and artist to his finger tips, he was equally delightful as master or companion. A composer for the organ and piano alike, he used to interlard our lessons with anecdotes of his experiences. I remember his relating that on one occasion, when having supper in Paris with some of his musical confrères, Saint-Saëns suddenly exclaimed '*Allons à la Madeleine entendre l'évocation de Mailly!*' and how they had accordingly filed off to the church, of which Saint-Saëns as organist had the key, where Mailly proceeded to play his composition.

It must have been a strange scene in the great dark empty church, and I feel sure that my old music-master never played with a greater inspiration than to those few chosen souls.

They went back to their interrupted supper, brimming with enthusiasm.

As a teacher he was incomparable; but we lived in terror of a certain sarcastic humour, which would expose our deficiencies in a single telling phrase. He told of a small pupil who found a difficulty in counting—on this occasion he had rapped her knuckles with his pencil, crying '*Comptez, Mademoiselle, comptez, s'il vous plaît,*' to which the young lady, aged eight, replied with much dignity: '*Monsieur, on ne compte pas avec ses amis.*'

The evenings when he dined with us, playing afterwards on my mother's harmonium delightfully—indeed as no one else ever played that usually inadequate instrument before or since—are memories still, to me, of music and witty talk.

One evening stands out among the rest. Our master had brought with him a friend, a rich amateur, who was a pianist of no mean talent. It is perhaps less for the *brio* of his playing that he will remain forgotten by us, than for a peculiar humorous

gift of mimicry. He could, by an exact reproduction of intonations, talk any language without knowing a word of it. I can never think of it without laughing. His representation of an English family in a railway station was the most excruciatingly funny thing I ever heard. Meanwhile, to merriment was added an odd sense of intrigue, at not being able to understand what was so obviously our own tongue.

The old drawing-master, M. Leroy, who taught the sister nearest to me was so delightful a character that no record of these Brussels days would be complete without a page devoted to him. Although, as a painter, all I can recall of him are big splashy portraits, which I very much fear would be qualified by a connoisseur with the single word '*croûte*,' he was nevertheless eminently successful as an instructor. A high-shouldered kind old man, with a white beard and a rolling black eye, he was a fund of humour and anecdote. He was very fond of his little Irish pupils—perhaps he found them more original, and, in spite of their undoubted mischievousness, more attractive than the usual stodgy young Belgian. He used to call them '*Petits serpents à sonnettes*,' and was never known to display severity unless they broke into a little dark room, off the two big studios, where he kept prints and casts. This inner sanctum, being strictly interdicted, had all the fascination of a Bluebeard's cabinet. Later on, when Mademoiselle Marie, the elder of his two students, put up her dark brown hair, and dropped her wild ways for a certain quaint staidness, he became endlessly proud of her, and at a memorable musical party given by my mother, being alarmed lest her attainments might be overlooked in the more showy talent of her sisters, spent the whole evening with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, blowing out his white beard after a trick he had, and exclaiming enthusiastically to anyone who would listen: '*Mais regardez, donc, Mademoiselle Marie!*'

On one occasion the children were forgotten, until a late hour, by the maid deputed to take them home.

The old man gave them each a hunch of *pain-d'épice*, and whiled away the time with a tale of Belgian life. He had seen a good deal of it, both in the highest circles and those lower realms of *finance*. The story he told the young art-students that day was so curiously characteristic that it is worth pages of dissertation.

He had a pupil, *grande, blanche et belle*—oh! like a lily, a divine creature—here he blew out his beard. She belonged to the most noble family. After she had finished her education, and had

been introduced into the world, he had been commissioned to paint her portrait, and thus entering into the intimacy of the house he had known every act of a poignant drama. She had become acquainted—'God knows how,' said Monsieur Leroy—with an officer, a young man, charming, distinguished, clever. It was *au bord de la mer*, perhaps, or at Spa, he never knew, but they had made acquaintance, they had fallen in love. He was everything that the heart of a girl could desire, save on one point. '*Aie, Aie,*' he was not of her world, he had no title, his people, '*des gens très bien,*' belonged to the bourgeoisie.

Well, having met and loved her, and found that she loved him, he came forward like a man, bearded the high-born parents in their aristocratic mansion and demanded the hand of Mademoiselle their daughter. The astonishment and wrath with which he was received baffles description, but it was nothing to the wrath with which it was discovered that Mademoiselle returned his affection, and that—more—she announced that she would marry him.

Then ensued days of misery, the scenes made to the unhappy girl would rend your heart. She used to lament and cry with her old portrait-painter, '*comme une biche*'; but she remained obstinate. The mother—it was, above all, the mother—'*Oh! celle-là!*' cried Monsieur Leroy, and the unfinished phrase spoke volumes—the mother decided in the end that the only thing to do was to marry the undutiful daughter to someone else with the utmost despatch.

He was soon found—one who suited—for was not Mademoiselle an only child, rich, noble, and beautiful? Madame the mother affianced them by force, announced the betrothal and fixed the wedding-day, but it was counting without the gallant captain. He vowed that he would claim his bride, were it on the steps of the altar. A scandal threatened—a scandal of a nature most dreaded in a Belgian household.

The story went that Madame sat up, all one night, with Mademoiselle till she somehow made her write a letter of dismissal. But the answer came, the bourgeois captain would accept no such message but from the girl's own lips. There ensued a scene culled, it might appear, bodily from the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' An amazing scene! Monsieur Leroy was present at it, as a kind of witness who could be relied on for discretion without counting socially. The noble suitor was convened as well as the 'ignoble' one, and actually submitted to the situation. The drawing-master

became very dithyrambic and gesticulatory as he described how the victim was led in by her mamma, who clutched her firmly by the wrist, '*se traînant, la malheureuse*, as white as wax, as white as death, *mais belle, belle !*'

'Speak, my child,' said the terrible woman, 'which of these two gentlemen do you choose ?'

'I choose monsieur,' said the daughter, without lifting her eyes, and turning all of a piece upon the Comte.

The *Capitaine* gave one look at her, went livid, made a low bow, turned on his heel, and marched out of the room without a word. Scarcely had the door closed upon him when the poor child gave a cry. 'A cry,' said the old artist, 'such a cry ! no, I have never heard such a cry as that was ; *c'était comme un paon*.'

The two little Irish girls were much too enthralled and stirred by this remarkable story to be amused by, or indeed conscious of, the anti-climax. The narrator himself delivered it with unction, as the last possible expression of tragic force, and stood surveying them, his thumb in his waistcoat pockets, puffing out his beard in a kind of gloomy triumph.

'Did she marry the wrong man ?' faltered the children at last.

She did. Oh ! he had been at the wedding and a very grand one it was.

'What became of her ? . . . ' But his interest in her went no further. He shrugged his shoulders. The story was done.

But it was not likely that such a gay young débutante as I was should waste my time probing the hidden cruelties of the iron discipline that regulated Belgian society. All that I saw of it was something, now to laugh at, and now to rebel against. It is only on looking back that I realise how completely we were ourselves conquered by it.

To enter what was called *la toute première Société* it was necessary to eschew all others, and I began to find much food for merriment in the attitude of the noble clique to which I was about to be admitted.

Some English friends of ours, with cosmopolitan ideas, received on Sunday. Amongst their frequent visitors was a gifted and amusing girl, but of a family belonging to the '*Bourgeoisie*.' An equally constant visitor, was a lady of immense pretensions, and equally redundant figure—she had a great name, and much dignity. When the door opened, and Mademoiselle — was announced, it was alarming to watch the majestic air with which the great

lady rose, and summoning her daughters from the enjoyment of their tea and bonbons with a '*Venez, mes filles !*' swept them out of the room, from the contamination of the new arrival. This manoeuvre was often repeated, but in spite of its undoubted impressiveness made no effect whatever on the attitude of her kind and amused hosts.

The same lady had her own rebuffs to endure, and I have seen her shed tears over a snub she had received from the Princesse de C. in her attempt to introduce her daughter Clothilde, recently married to a notable *parti*.

The Princess, looking vaguely through an eyeglass, had replied carelessly, '*Oh, la petite Marie, je suppose ?*' (knowing well that Marie was still a fillette of no importance). 'And Clothilde beside me; covered with diamonds, *oh—la ! la ! quelle femme désagréable !*' wept the outraged dowager—with a fine disregard of the humour of the situation—in relating the incident to my mother.

The Court entertainments were, perhaps; what I most enjoyed in my Brussels experience. Owing to the smallness of the Court, the ceremonies of presentation took place at the royal balls. The guests were divided, oddly, according to sex; gentlemen standing on one side, and ladies on the other, of the gold and white salon. The King and Queen, accompanied by the Maréchal de la Cour, and the chief lady-in-waiting, came down the aisle thus formed. Then the presentations took place. The Royalties generally addressed some pleasantly commonplace observations to strangers like ourselves. For instance, the King enquired of my brother if he liked dancing. '*Non, Sire,*' was his uncompromising answer, to the great amusement of the circle, who were not accustomed to these candid pronouncements.

After the ceremony of presentation we repaired to the ball-room, where proceedings became informal, and I have the pleasantest recollections of delightful dances at the Brussels Palace, with any amount of friendly young partners to gyrate with (in spite of the crowded rooms), the best of bands, the most superb of suppers—if I did not care for that, it increased the good humour of *mes danseurs*—and the most amiable of hosts; for the King¹ would walk about; looking as pleased as any other human being at the success of his party.

In Brussels, unless your partner happened to be a member of the Corps Diplomatique, a foreigner could not go in to supper with

¹ Leopold II.

the Royalties; but this was a function I rarely missed as the attachés of the various Embassies, including our own, were most kind to the débutante. On this occasion I was standing, before the procession formed, with Sir H. B., when the King stopped to speak to me—he made one or two observations, and then remained silent but smiling. Feeling the pause embarrassing, I hazarded a remark, in ignorance of Court etiquette: 'What lovely salons, Sire!'

'Ah! you find them so, I am delighted' (*j'en suis enchanté*), replied His Majesty, amused. I am sure he must have thought us a very 'naïve' family.

After this incident the move towards the supper-room began—my cavalier much pleased by the favours of Royalty. 'Couldn't be more civil,' he breathed into my ear.

We were in full swing, walking solemnly two and two in the wake of the Royalties, towards the smaller supper-room, when I heard a voice behind me cry out in English, 'Goodness gracious! I have dropped my pocket-handkerchief.'

'Never mind, never mind, you must go on now,' whispered her companion hurriedly—the First Secretary of the Legation. Being six foot seven, he was always the observed of all observers, and did not relish this unlooked-for notoriety, as every one was smiling.

'Oh, but I can't lose it—my Limerick-lace handkerchief, my *best* pocket-handkerchief,' wailed the lady. I know not what transpired afterwards, as we were then in the act of passing through the door of the supper-room and the last I saw was a scarlet and discomfited official in a stooping attitude, looking through his eyeglass—for he was very short-sighted—on the crimson carpet, for the precious article, while the procession swept past him and his luckless companion.

Besides the Court balls, the other chief amusements of my Brussels season were the dances provided by a club characteristically called the 'Concert Noble.' To this exclusive combine it was not easy to be admitted, but the luck that had attended my steps in the social world did not fail me here. Perhaps this was due to an accidental stroke of diplomacy in the selection of our sponsors—*les marraines*, as they were called—for one was smart and fast, and the other slow and pious.

I enjoyed the dances of the Concert Noble; bright simple little entertainments they were, beginning at nine and ending at midnight. No supper was served, but light refreshments unknown to

unimaginative England : delicious spicy mixtures in glasses, called *ponches* (*ponche à la Romaine*) made a special impression on me, biscuits, bonbons, little cakes of which Brussels alone has had the secret ; ‘ *petits pains fourrés* ’ with foie gras, or cream of ham ; cups of pale Russian tea ; yes, and glasses of raspberry and cherry sirop, diluted with iced water, for the thirsty ; very good it all was. It makes me greedy to think back on it.

On the last night of the season there was a cotillon which the King and Queen attended, My sister and I went as shepherdesses—the kind that is never seen on sea or land, hardly even in China. The King stopped to ask me what I represented, and when I said ‘ *Bergère*, ’ he said : ‘ *C’est très joli. Ça fait envie aux Bergers.* ’

Looking back now upon the time which remains, the most light-hearted recollection of my life, I realise that my enjoyment was chiefly due to the number of gay young attachés who shared my genial foreign views, and gave me what the Americans call ‘ a good time, ’ without any ulterior thought. Very different were the ethics of the indigenous ! ‘ *Qu’en dira-t-on ?* ’ It was the haunting dread of every unmarried young man and young woman in the Belgium of my youth, I say ‘ unmarried ’ advisedly, for marriage emancipated from everything, but principally from husbands. The kind of unabashed intrigue, which has now unfortunately made its way into our social existence, was more or less unknown in England then, and I have never forgotten the horror, as of some but dimly guessed-at evil, which my small sisters felt, when a fashionable Brussels personality thus addressed her nine-year-old daughter in a circle of playing children in the park :

‘ Remember, Minette, you are not to tell Papa where you picked me up to-day. If he asks you, you are to say it was at the dentist’s. ’

The little girl looked up at her mother without the least surprise in her blue eyes :

‘ *Bien sûr, Maman*, ’ she answered, in the promptest and most matter-of-fact manner.

The same lady I myself heard discuss with a cousin the remarriage of a sister.

‘ To think of it, ’ she cried, ‘ to think of the chance she had, and of her throwing it away ! She didn’t deserve to be a widow ! ’

Well, the Belgian husband is often a tyrant ; and the Belgian girl brought up with a ludicrous prudery. In some cases the results are inevitable.

My brother suffered much from the primness of the young ladies—one of whom in particular we obliged him to dance with; for was she not the daughter of a *marraine*? His French accent was alarming, nevertheless he knew how to express his feelings. 'Oh! G.; don't ask me to dance with Mademoiselle Anne, she always looks at me as if she were saying "*Vous êtes oon joon homme—je suis oon joon feel*,"' which was, indeed, entirely true. Nor were my experiences more exhilarating with the Belgian youth. At the last cotillon of the season a certain vicomte took me out for the second time that evening in one of the figures. 'It was that I did not know the other demoiselle,' he explained tactfully, as he led me away.

'Ah! what luck for me!' I answered laughing.

'*Mademoiselle est trop aimable!*' he commented solemnly.

But *en revanche*, what delightful partners I had in the afore-said attachés—a special favourite being Comte de V. of the French Legation.

I recall a dance when a heavy ornament fell off the chandelier in the centre of the ball-room, thereby providing a subject of conversation for the entire evening. With what gusto the lively little Frenchman informed me that fifteen times in one half-hour he had remarked to successive partners, 'Ah, what an escape! Supposing you had been standing under that ill-fated object at the moment of its fall!' And how he had enjoyed the utter seriousness with which each damsel in turn had accepted his congratulations.

After our dance was over, whenever he caught sight of me in the course of the evening, he would take a tragic pose, clasp his hands, raise his eyes to the ceiling, and go through a pantomime of fear and frenzy, to the undisguised astonishment of my cavalier of the moment.

Another time he enquired tragically if I had heard of his misfortune.

'*Non? pas possible? Eh, bien! Sara est morte.*'

Sara was his little dog, called after her immortal compatriot.

'*Elle a eu huit enfants*,'—pause. '*Elle a voulu les nourrir tous*'—here he struck a serio-comic attitude—'*et elle a succombé à ses devoirs de mère!*'

In those days there was a beautiful chatelaine at the Russian Embassy, noted for the fairness of her complexion, which was reported to be the result of enamel. She was the mother

of an equally lovely daughter, then a spoilt pert child^{er} of eleven.

A story went the round of Brussels that, on one of her reception days, an attaché called rather earlier than usual, and was spied by Miss Nellie from the first landing, where she occupied a point of vantage for seeing the arrivals.

'*Tu ne peux pas voir Maman à présent,*' she cried.

'*Et pourquoi, Mademoiselle?*' replied the visitor suavely, who, having handed his coat and hat to the servant, was in the act of leisurely divesting himself of a silk scarf.

'Because she is drying!' (*parce qu'elle sèche!*), screamed the *enfant terrible*.

The unhappy youth seized his hat and coat with one hand, and clutching his scarf with the other, fled precipitately from the house—hoping his name might never transpire.

The Comtesse Chotek, mother of the ill-fated archduchess, was also in Brussels at that time, where her husband was Austrian Ambassador, and well do I remember the little Sophie coming up to me one day and inquiring in her broken English: 'Have you much sister?'

I noticed especially her beautiful blue eyes, with their dark curling lashes.

Private entertainments, except dinner-parties, were rare in Brussels, where amusements are taken very seriously; and my surprise was great, when calling one day on Mademoiselle Anne, to find her still in her *costume de nuit* at five o'clock in the afternoon.

'*Ah-h! oui!*' cried her mother, in a piercing crescendo. '*A quoi bon* to dress before, when she must change all for the ball *chez Flandre* to-night?' So Mlle. Anne had remained in this sketchy attire, her hair severely screwed in the tightest of curling-pins, placidly awaiting the advent of the *coiffeur* who, on these important occasions, began his rounds as early as 10 A.M.

I have mentioned that we gave a musical party, an event which fluttered our good friends a great deal more than ourselves. There was consternation when my mother declared that she intended to invite the two delightful artists who taught us music and drawing, but on this point she was so firm that our anxious social god-mothers waived it, hoping that the solecism would pass as English eccentricity; but when she further announced her intention of inviting a lady, an amateur of some note, whose singing she had admired at a *concert de charité*, there was an outcry.

'What! Introduce among our young girls—*parmi nos filles*—in the intimacy of a salon, a person—*une jeune personne qui n'est absolument pas de notre monde?* Madame, you do not think of such a thing? *Ça ne se fait pas à Bruxelles.*'

Amused, if exasperated, what could my mother do but give way?

Little scenes from that party remain vividly printed on my mind. Our big music-room filled with pots of azaleas and roses, and the hyacinths my mother loved—a delightful custom in Brussels was a possibility of subscribing for constant relays of plants, as we do in England for our novels. The pale young attaché to the English Legation picking up the song '*Comme à vingt ans*' from the piano, and asking my little ten-year-old sister if she sang it, his imperturbable gravity, and her look of offended surprise. The attractive Spanish wife of the Brazilian Minister, with immense eyes, no nose to speak of, and the most roguish of smiles, extremely *décolletée*, after the fashion of the hour, with a butterfly bow of pink tulle round her slim, dusky neck, explaining to everybody that she was obliged to cover herself, *comme cela*, because she was so *grippée*.

One more picture of my Brussels life rises among the other reminiscences. All these have been concerned with life and its gaieties, but here is an anecdote dealing with death. Solemn as is the subject, perhaps it is not the least comic of my records. The very large, very pompous, lady to whom I have previously referred, happened to lose her excellent husband—I say 'happened,' because he had so casual a place in the establishment. Whenever he ventured to put forth an opinion, he was checkmated by a compassionate '*Tais-toi, Papa!*' Thou wilt say that another time, *mon ami*,' from his magnificent spouse. It was scarcely an important loss. Nevertheless we were full of sympathy and regret. We hurried to the door of the great mansion, and inquired how the lady was bearing up. We were blandly greeted by the butler: 'Come in, come in, *Madame la Comtesse reçoit.*'

We found the widow mountainously reclining upon a sofa, surrounded by condoling friends.

She hailed us with these words: 'Ah, my friends, I know all you would say! Sit down! Sit down!' Then, turning to the circle, she took up an interrupted tale with gusto. '*Eh, bien! chères amies*, as I was telling you, I am having the coffin made by the carpenter of our village. I do not say that it will be *fait*—

fait—fait dans la perfection, but—*le brave homme*—he will be so flattered. *Il y mettra toute sa coquetterie !*

Where are they all, those Brussels notabilities, those imposing ladies I curtsayed to, those fatuous young men I laughed at, those light-heeled sprigs of diplomacy I waltzed with? Ghosts! Ghosts to me at least, if not actually in the shades!

One of them, Count Jean d'O., that pink and paragon of Belgian bachelors, who made (as they said over there) rain or fine weather in the hearts of so many damsels, only to choose for himself a French alliance in the end—has recently fallen a victim to German vindictiveness, picked out among others as one of the prominent men of the country (he was *Maréchal de la Cour* to the late King, and bore with dignity other honours). He was dragged from a sick bed, deported into Germany and flung into prison. The outrage was carried out with such brutality that he was not allowed even to take a rug with him, as a protection against the bitter weather. He died of the insults and the hardships.

Alas! How many may have had a similar fate! How many of those houses where I was made welcome are laid desolate, stripped, abandoned.

Even at this hour, when retributive justice has taken such a colossal shape in the débâcle which has swept Kaiserism from the horizon of the world, these tragedies are as unforgettable as the magnificent stand made by the little country at the outset of the war. Here, in Belgium, David rose up and faced Goliath. For so long as the world will last, the great story will ring out. Whatever his faults and foibles, whatever his conventions and restrictions, the Belgian has remained what Caesar found him—the man not to be conquered.

Belgium is the grave of German pride.

‘G.’

MADAME GILBERT'S CANNIBAL.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

V. THE HEDGE LAWYER.

THE island schooner sailed at dawn. But three days later another came and went, and three days later yet another. It never rains but it pours. The Hedge Lawyer, spurred by a greater master of Fate than his employer in London City, came as a sick and draggled passenger in schooner number three. He did not land upon the evening of his arrival, so that Madame did not see him, or hear of him, until the early forenoon after his ship had gone, and left him stranded as a trespasser on Tops Island. From this marooning of the Hedge Lawyer sprang many things which shall be told in their place. The first consequence was that the man, a Cockney of Cockneys, was without a home in an island which possessed few huts and no houses of rest for travellers. The feckless intruder had not even bethought him to bring along a tent. With his luggage, a small suit-case, he was put ashore in the schooner's dinghy and left, a black-booted, frock-coated figure of fun, upon the fair white sandy beach.

Madame Gilbert, returning from her morning dip in the shark-proof creek, heard shrieks of pain interspersed with the savage howls of Willatopy. She scurried towards these sounds as fast as her bare feet would carry her. A black-booted, frock-coated stranger was flying shrieking towards the sea; behind him, keeping foot to foot with him so that the sharp fish spear which he carried might maintain its painful pressure upon the small of the man's back, followed Willatopy, naked and extremely angry. 'Huh!' roared Willatopy, thrusting with the spear. The stranger, brought up short by the sea margin, rolled over screaming. He buried his miserable face in the sand so that he might not see the stroke of death which his terrors anticipated. Madame, rushing forward, stepped across the man's body and held up a restraining hand.

'Stop,' she cried. 'Who is this man, that you should frighten him so?'

'He wants to eat me,' roared Willatopy. 'Stand aside, Madame, that I may cut off his ugly white head, and smoke it in the fire of my cook-house.'

The stranger howled and wriggled between Madame's feet as if, like an armadillo, he would burrow his way to safety through the fine sharp sand. It was not the flaked oatmeal of a coral beach, for the water of the bay, flushed by island streams, did not carry the madrepores' living ration of salt.

'Stand back, Willatopy,' commanded Madame Gilbert sternly. She pushed the stranger contemptuously with her bare white foot.

'Get up, you crawling thing there, and tell me who you are. This island is private property and you have no business here.'

The man cautiously got upon his feet and stood so that Madame's strong body interposed between his terrified person and the savage spear of Willatopy. His absurd clothes were plastered thickly with damp, clinging sand, his thin rat face was pinched and white, his lank mud-coloured hair and moustache drooped forlornly. He was not a proud specimen of the dominant white race. He gasped and stuttered behind the protective back of Madame, who still faced towards Willatopy and held the savage half of him in subjection. Willatopy threw down his spear.

'As my lady pleases,' said he sourly.

The trespasser upon the fair strand of Tops Island regained some little of the thin courage which had poured out of his black boots. He was no longer menaced with immediate death at the point of the barbarous fish spear; a beautiful white woman was present; had he not been an officer—God forgive our blear-eyed War Office—and was he not a gentleman? He perked up a little, tried to brush the sand from his sleeves, and spoke.

'I am John Clifford, managing-clerk to Chudleigh, Caves, Caves and Chudleigh, Solicitors, of St. Mary Axe.'

'Another lawyer!' cried Madame, and broke into peal after peal of rippling laughter. 'Another lawyer! And once again that wonderful perspicuous Willatopy has chased a lawyer to the sea with a fish spear. Willatopy, I forgive you. What a happy world it would be if all men had your instinct for vermin, and had from the first adopted your methods of extermination!'

'So that's all right,' quoth Willatopy, possessing himself of the fallen fish spear.

The late officer and present gentleman shrieked and grovelled.

'You poor worm a British officer, even one the most temporary!' Madame's lip curled in disgust. 'And yet we won the war.'

'The black boy has a spear and I am unarmed. If I had a bomb now——'

'You would throw it at him. And miss because your hand trembled so. Get behind me, British officer. I have no skirts for your protection, though had I known of your coming I would have stayed to put them on. Perhaps by then your head would have been fizzling in Willatopy's smoke and I, for one, would not have felt regret.'

The scorn of her bit deep. 'If, lady, you will send for another spear I will not shelter any more behind your—skirts!'

'That is better,' said Madame. 'The worm has turned at last. Shall we send for another spear, Willatopy?'

Willatopy did not reply. Instead he threw away his own weapon, doubled round Madame, grabbed the stranger's arm, ducked his head under it, and with a great lift and heave of the buttock tossed Mr. John Clifford six feet out into the water. The shore fell steeply and the lawyer soused under. When he struggled out his damaged clothes had become irreparable. Madame surveyed the dripping figure, more a figure of fun than ever.

'I hope,' observed she politely, 'that you have brought a change with you. Chills are as dangerous to health in the Tropics as fish spears. Now, Willatopy, while our uninvited and rudely handled guest steams elegantly in the morning sun, perhaps you will explain what stimulated into vigorous action those admirable instincts of yours for the extermination of lawyers. What is all the row about?'

'He came ashore in a boat,' said Willatopy, 'and landed on my island, Tops Island. He walked up the beach and I met him at the fringe of the woods. "What do you here?" I said. "This is my island. I am very rich and my name is Willatopy." "You are the man I have come to see," he said. "You are a great English lord and I have come to take you to England and to get you all your rights. You are kept out of them by villains," said he. "My father was a White Chief," said I, "but I am just Willatopy." "No," said he; "you are the Lord of Tops Ham, the home of the Toppys. Your father is dead and your uncle is dead. You are now the lord. Come home to England with me and I will get you all your rights." Then I knew that the white rat lied, for why should a man come all the way from England to get his rights for a stranger? I remembered what my father said that the English devoured one another. This Englishman wanted to draw me

away from my island that he might kill and eat me. The English are all cannibals. So I caught up my fish spear and thrust at him. He ran away howling and I ran behind jabbing my spear in his back. He must be covered with my jabs under that black coat of his. He is like a missionary in his clothes, but really he is a cannibal.'

'So now you know,' observed Madame to John Clifford. 'Willatopy is not to be taken in by fairy stories about English lords and their rights in England. And Willatopy, as you have found out, is an awkward customer to humbug. I should advise you to up stakes and begone, fair stranger. 'Twere better so,' she sang, 'Bid me good-bye and go.' Madame held out a hand and smiled winningly, 'I have done you a service and perhaps you will remember Madame Gilbert when you are far away in England. The scars upon your back will always remind you of my friend Willatopy, that perspicuous exterminator of vermin. I am sorry that we cannot entertain you even with a share in our breakfast. We are hospitable folk, but we draw the hard stiff line at lawyers. Farewell, officer and gentleman.'

'But I have lost my suit-case,' wailed the damp unhappy Clifford—he was drying quite nicely in the sunshine—'and the schooner which brought me here has sailed away. How can I go? You are a white woman and should take pity on a fellow-countryman. I am wet and hungry and the chills are running all over me. I am sure the spear was poisoned and that I shall die here like a dog and be damned.'

'Name of a Dog!' swore Madame Gilbert. 'Do you suppose I care how you die or where you go afterwards? You are not worth the price of good pit coal, so I take leave to doubt the damning. How did you expect to get away when you had your black-coated carcass dumped upon our island? By your own dirty law you are no better than a trespasser.'

'I expected that Lord—that Mr. Willatopy would carry me away in his yawl when he had learned the news of his inheritance. It is all true that I spoke to him. They told me in Thursday Island that he had a yawl and was the boldest sailor in the Straits.'

'Willatopy, leave us,' said Madame. 'I would be alone with the little stranger. If you should see his suit-case on the sand you might pitch it down. He steams prettily, but would be the better for a dry change. If he dies before I have ragged him to the bones I shall be for ever desolated. I am pleased with you, Willatopy.'

You are the worthy son of the Great White Chief, your father. If you could look in at my camp and send the steward down with breakfast—with breakfast for two; he might die too soon if I don't feed him—I shall be infinitely obliged. Be quick, my dear, for I am powerful hungry. And ask Marie for my trench coat,' she shouted after the departing Willie. 'I came away to bathe in private and did not expect strangers. Especially when they were not invited,' added she pointedly.

'It is lucky for you, Mr. John Clifford, officer and gentleman, that I did not go swimming to-day in the fashion of Joy and Cry, just to see how it feels to be unhampered. I did think of trying. You would not then have had me run a step to your assistance. And now I am not going to speak another word until my hunger is appeased. You have my permission to be seated. What possessed you, man, to enter the Tropics in those funereal clothes? This is not St. Mary Axe. If your suit-case is really lost there will be for you no wear except a loin cloth and a sun-stripped skin. You have no idea until you feel it in the buff how the sun bites. And this is our island winter. In the summer—we shall not take you off, my poor friend, and no schooner comes inside our bar—in the summer you will fry and your miserable thin white hide will frizzle off your wasted flesh. And now be silent, if you can, until I have eaten.' The wretched victim had not spoken a word for the past five minutes, but that was nothing to Madame. I have already said that in action she was as swift and ruthless as she was babblesome in speech.

They had breakfasted together seated on the sand, and the cabin-steward of the yacht waited upon them. He showed no visible sign of surprise at the little stranger's appearance, though his soul must have been ravaged with curiosity. Even yachts' stewards are human.

'Now,' said Madame, when the steward had gone, and she had deeply inhaled her first beloved after-breakfast cigarette, 'now, if it is possible for a lawyer, tell me something of the bare unvarnished truth. Your story of Willatopy's lordship is only one degree less probable than your own reputed status of officer and gentleman. You are John Clifford, managing-clerk to some many-partnered firm in St. Mary Axe, London, E.C. So far the Court is with you. Get on with the rest.'

'I was an officer for three months before the Armistice. A second-lieutenant of Royal Artillery.

'*Mon Dieu!*' said Madame politely, 'I knew the English Army was hard put to it, but was it as bad as all that? Did you see any service?'

'No. I got exemption during most of the war. I was indispensable at home.'

'While gallant French and English boys were being killed.' Madame's teeth snapped. 'You lawyers look after yourselves. God, if I had lost a son of mine in the war I would take you out in yonder dinghy and throw you to the sharks. That is what you are fit for. Sharks' food.'

'You are not very civil, Madame Gilbert,' grumbled the managing indispensable clerk.

'My unshakable urbanity under the most severe provocation,' responded Madame, 'fills me with wonder, also with admiration; how I can keep it up I cannot understand. Get on, I accept the story that you got yourself made a stay-at-home second-lieutenant of Garrison Artillery, because you were afraid of the open field. I accept that. Now what about Willatopy?'

'It is true about him. His father and uncle are dead, and he is the heir of Topsham. We were almost sure of it in St. Mary Axe—we have a large Devonshire connection and know the line of every family of note. We were nearly sure in London and since then I have inspected the registers in Thursday Island. That black boy is the twenty-eighth Baron of Topsham.'

'Humph!' said Madame. 'It is no business of mine though my yacht yonder is chartered from one member of the Toppys family. I expect there is a catch somewhere, which you will find out—in St. Mary Axe. But how comes it that your firm have intervened? Do they represent the interests of the family?'

Madame must be highly favoured by the Immortal Gods. For the second time in this history she was privileged to see a lawyer blush. First it was Roger Gatepath, now it was that lesser luminary John Clifford.

'No,' he stammered. 'Not exactly. We have a large Devonshire connection and we wished to see justice done to the heir of an ancient house.'

'And incidentally to increase the large Devonshire connection.' Madame's voice, when she pleased, could rasp like a file of high carbon steel. 'To habitual knavery you add incidental poaching, where it offers a profitable connection. What a trade! Man, look

at this island. It is the most beautiful in the Straits, and until this morning shone as if blessed by Heaven. With your coming the air grows chill and dank as though a curse had fallen. It is lucky I have eaten or your ill-omened presence would banish my appetite. And yet in spite of the most overwhelming provocation I continue to comport myself towards you with the most suave politeness. *Vive la politesse!* But I won't indefinitely answer for my own restraint. If you provoke me further I may forget myself and become abusive.'

'I shall not stay here to be insulted. I am a demobilised British officer and——'

'A temporary gentleman,' put in Madame. 'Sit down, British officer, or I will set Willatopy at you. Where will you go? This island belongs to Willatopy, and if you pick a banana without his leave we will hale you to Thursday Island and consign you to the deepest dungeon. No, on second thoughts, we will punish you ourselves. To us is entrusted the high justice, the middle, and the low. We are monarchs of all we survey. We can keel-haul you under the teak fenders of the *Humming Top*, toast you over a slow fire, or throw you to your brethren the sharks of the sea. We can do any violent thing we please with you. We will say that you left the island—the rest will be silence. Every man and boy in my yacht is my devoted servant; every man, woman, and child on this island is a slave of Willatopy. Man, you did not know what perils you called up when you had yourself cast on this island of Tops. Do not, I implore you, repeat in the hearing of my sailors this preposterous story of Willatopy's heirship. For the moment they are my servants, but in blood and bone they are the feudal retainers of the family of Toppys. The little fingers of my sailors are thicker than Willatopy's loins. You have felt the scorpion sting of his fish spear; you have yet to feel the searing, shattering blast from the *Humming Top's* guns. My sailors would blow you to fragments from the fo'c'sle and say grace afterwards with unction. We are smugglers and pirates every one of us. What is a lawyer more or less? You are homeless and friendless and in our power. We can put you to frizzle in the heat of the day, and starve you with cold in the long nights. We can deny you food. Even the wayside stream belongs to us. You cannot walk or lie down or eat or drink save by our gracious permission. You are cut off from the world, an outcast. Draw comfort if you can from my words.'

'You are pleased to chaff me, Madame Gilbert. The King's writ runs even in Tops Island.'

'In the immortal words of an eminent British statesman: Wait and see, Mr. John Clifford, demobilised second-lieutenant. And now for the moment I have done with you. Keep clear of my camp and, for your life, flee from Willatopy. When you are hungered lie on the beach and howl like a dog that is lost. Maybe someone will hear you; maybe, on the other hand, someone won't. It is still less likely that anyone will minister to your wants even if your cries are heard. But as a merciful sister I indicate this one thin chance of preserving from extinction the pale flame of your life. If you will now excuse me, Mr. John Clifford, I will withdraw to my tent and complete my interrupted toilet. Good-bye-e-e.'

'A good morning's work,' murmured Madame Gilbert, as she strolled away, leaving the disconsolate Hedge Lawyer to complete his drying alone. 'And let us pray that yet another wandering island schooner may drop into our bay that we may urgently speed the parting guest—with a boathook if he won't get moving of his own volition. In these remote islands of the British Empire one should never omit that punctilious hospitality which is due even to the most noxious of strangers.'

Madame Gilbert kept no diary of her adventures and her memory for dates is precarious. But the log of the *Humming Top*—to which I have had access—confirms her impression that she arrived at Tops Island on May 20. It was in the fourth week of her stay that the island schooners began to arrive, of which the third carried the little unwelcome stranger of whom Madame longed to be quit. But although three schooners came within a week the much desired fourth, for whose dirty sails Madame looked out so anxiously, tarried until the occasion for its employment had vanished with the flying days. During this lamentable period of delay in speeding the parting guest the opening rounds in the contest between Madame and the Hedge Lawyer had been fought and lost—lost by Madame Gilbert. No longer was it possible to eject him with a boathook; he had become the guest of Willatopy, and Willatopy, Lord of Topsham, was also Lord of Tops Island.

Looking back now over the series of incidents which I have to relate I cannot but feel that there was some failure of adroitness in Madame's conduct of the campaign. It is true that she had no cards at all—except her own dominating personality—and the

Hedge Lawyer possessed the entire pack. But even so her failure to put a wide distance in material space between the heir of Topsham and his self-appointed legal adviser, is almost inexplicable. She must have failed through excess of confidence. She did not grasp the elusive inconsistency of Willatopy's undeveloped mind. She believed that the influence of his dead white father would remain ineradicable—she conceived that it was bitten into steel instead of into soft South Sea wax—and she was misled utterly by the violence of Willatopy's first onslaught upon the managing indispensable clerk. When seated at that breakfast on the shore she had torn with her feminine claws the quivering flesh of the miserable Hedge Lawyer, she had judged him to be a cowardly fool who could be readily frightened away from his purpose. He was no coward and a long way from being a fool. A man needs more than the average equipment of Cockney cunning to become at thirty-two the managing-clerk of a firm of speculative lawyers. This fellow, John Clifford, possessed the quick shrewdness of the City's streets, and the indomitable persistence of a man whose professional advancement depended upon his own unscrupulous ability. His employers had promised, ere he set sail for the Torres Straits, that his return to London with Willatopy as a dazzling and valuable new client would mark his own promotion to the status of junior partner. He had everything to gain by persistence and nothing to lose except his life. He was sufficiently astute to realise that Madame's threats were vain persiflage, that she was helpless if he chose to remain on the island, and that the mind of a half-caste savage might, by adroit moulding, become receptive of strange and flattering impressions. He had all the cards—those which we know of, others which he played later. As he dined on the blazing beach after Madame had left him he determined to hang on at any risk from Willatopy's spear and the rude hands of Madame Gilbert's sailors, until he had won over to his side the wandering intelligence of the Lord of Topsham. 'After all,' muttered Clifford to himself, 'he is an English lord, and it is a very great thing to be an English lord.' Madame he already hated—which is not surprising. She had not exactly cultivated his favour. He did not know that she had any interest in opposing his plans for the transfer of Willatopy to England, and he did not anticipate serious opposition from her when proof was offered of Willatopy's legal heirship. That proof—copies of the registers in Thursday Island—was in his lost suit-case. Also the light flannel clothes which his damp blackness made

urgently desirable. So the first step taken by John Clifford in his campaign was to hunt for that case which he had flung away in his flight from the terrible fish spear.

Had Madame realised at the beginning how rapidly the atmosphere would change, how quickly the wild ingenuous boy Willatopy would become interested in the adroit cunning man John Clifford, she might have acted with her customary and ruthless illegality. On that first morning she could easily have persuaded Willatopy to convey the intruder out to the *Humming Top*, and could have held him there inactive until a convenient moment arrived for carrying him back to Thursday Island. Adequately frightened Clifford might have been prevailed upon to set sail for home alone, but I doubt whether this temporarily drastic course would have availed for long. The firm of poachers in St. Mary Axe could not indefinitely have been denied access to their prey on Tops Island. After Madame and her yacht had gone John Clifford, or another, would have returned. Willatopy, as the half-caste heir of Topsham, was too attractive a bait for lawyers to be left for many months in the security of his island solitude. Roger Gatepath, who understood his own profession, was convinced that the legal vultures of London would speedily discover and fasten upon the profitable pigeon of the Torres Straits.

Clifford found his suit-case within the fringe of woodland where first he had encountered Willatopy. And as he stooped to pick it up a heavy hand smote him upon the back. It was Willatopy again. The boy had been watching the breakfast party of two, and now that Clifford was alone interposed his dark powerful figure between the lawyer and the beach.

'This time,' said he, smacking his lips, 'there will be no Madame Gilbert.'

'Why should you chase me again?' asked Clifford, who feared the boy less now that he had breakfasted. Besides, Willatopy no longer carried the fish spear. 'Why should you chase me, my lord? I am your friend and have come to make you a very rich and great lord in England.'

Willie frowned. 'I am very rich now. You English are cannibals. You want to get me away that you may kill and eat me. My father said that you English devoured one another.'

'That meant, my lord,' said Clifford, 'that the English try to take money from one another.'

'As they do in Thursday Island,' assented Willatopy. 'The

English try to make me drink so that they may steal my money. I keep it in a bag tied round my waist. Miles and miles of shore and forest are mine, my banker has piles and piles of my silver, all in bags. It comes from England. The brown girls love my bright blue eyes, and the brown boys are my servants. I am already rich and the Lord of Tops Island. You are a liar.'

'It is a small thing,' said Clifford, 'to be lord of a little island in the Straits and to be master of brown girls and boys. In England you would be a real lord, the Lord of Topsham, you would have houses, big houses, and your servants would be white not brown. White women, beautiful white women, would be at your pleasure and white men would obey your commands.'

'White women?' asked Willatopy, who began to be interested. 'Would white women love my blue eyes which are like the sky at dawn?'

'They would, my lord. And if you wished to marry one of them she would feel honoured by your choice.'

'I don't want to marry one just yet,' replied Willatopy indifferently. 'If they loved my bright blue eyes and were to me as my brown girls that would please me.'

'You are a great lord and there would be no lack of beautiful white women to seek your favour,' said Clifford, whose little close-set eyes began to twinkle. He was progressing.

'I have a very fine hut,' observed Willie. 'It is thatched with sago palm. There is not a finer hut in the islands.'

'In England you would have big houses, not huts,' said Clifford. 'Big houses with many many rooms.'

'I do not like English houses,' said Willatopy. 'The walls are iron and roofs are iron. They are painted white and glare in the sun. I have seen them on Thursday Island.'

'Those are not real houses, my lord. Your lordship's chief house in Devonshire has red stone walls and a roof of burnt clay tiles. It is a splendid house, hundreds of years old. Green ivy grows upon the walls. There are many servants in the house and in the gardens; white servants.'

'I should like to have white men working in my garden as my servants. They are very proud. I should like to have the Skipper as my servant. I would lay my stick on his back and make him skip. When I am an English lord will the Skipper be my servant?'

'If you wish, my lord, all men will be your servants. In England the great lords are the masters of the people.'

'Shall I be your master?'

Clifford hesitated. The boy with his childlike savage logic was moving too fast, but it would not do to hesitate. He decided to go the whole hog.

'Of course, my lord. I should be your most obedient humble servant.'

'Good,' said Willatopy. 'Then since I am already a great English lord you are now my servant. I should like to see a white man working in my garden under the hot sun and jumping when I lay my stick upon him. You shall work in my garden. Come.'

'Certainly, my lord, with pleasure. But may I first change my clothes? I have some others in this suit-case.'

'Clothes?' cried Willatopy contemptuously. 'It is always clothes with you foolish white people. When I go with Madame in a boat she makes me wear my trousers, though I throw them off when I plunge into the water. Madame will never swim like Joy and Cry if she always wears that tight blue bathing-dress. Now that I am a great English lord all men and women shall be my servants and shall do what I command. Put on your foolish trousers, white man, and come with me. I will make you labour in my garden, and presently when the sun grows hot at noon you will be glad to put them off for coolness. For now that you are my servant I will make you work very hard.'

'I cannot work too hard in your service, my lord,' replied Clifford obsequiously. He had been successful beyond all expectation and was willing to sweat copiously in Willie's garden as a sacrifice to the High Gods.

Meanwhile Madame Gilbert had changed into the white *crêpe-de-chine* and muslin gear which was her toilet on land and in the yacht. She sat in the entrance of her big tent, smoking Russian cigarettes, and mildly wondering what had become of Clifford, the 'sharks' food.' She anticipated with some pleasure hearing the howls of a dog which would announce the hollow emptiness of his stomach. She intended to feed him sparingly as evidence of her punctilious hospitality, though, under her austere regimen, there would be no margin for pride and fatness. And while she smoked there, ignorantly idle, Clifford had fought and won the first and most difficult battle in his campaign. He was already the victor, though for long hours he sweated outrageously in Willie's garden while that lordly task-master looked on, and now and then administered painful stimulus. John Clifford was, I feel sure,

almost gratified by receiving upon his servile middle-class back the haughtily administered blows of an undoubted baron of ancient lineage.

It was not until late that afternoon that Madame Gilbert had an opportunity to perceive the changed relations between the Hedge Lawyer and his baronial client. There had been no starving yelps from the beach, and though she had dispatched her steward to look for the little stranger, the man of food had returned with his supplies undevoured. None of the sailors had seen the black-coated intruder, and Madame began to hope that Willatopy, true to his instincts, had completed the dispatch of John Clifford and had consigned his remains to his brother sharks of the bay. Madame, I regret to say, has no respect for the lives of those whom she dislikes. When she acted as the lawyer's shield in the early morning she had not yet made his professional acquaintance. Afterwards, Willatopy might have carved him into pieces if he chose.

In the late afternoon Madame was roaming in search of some rare tropical flowers which grew at the head of the bay when she came upon Willatopy, attended at a respectful distance by a bare-headed and barefooted menial dressed in grey flannels.

'Hullo, Willie,' cried Madame, not recognising Clifford in this new incarnation. 'Whom have you picked up?'

'This, Madame,' replied Willatopy with hauteur, 'is John, my white slave. He works much better than my brown boys and I shall keep him on my island. He has hoed the weeds all day in my garden and I have given him food in payment. Now I am taking him to my yawl that he may clean it properly inside and polish up the brass work. John, can you clean my yawl properly so that the brass shines?'

'Yes, my lord. Certainly, my lord,' said John, cocking an eye at Madame in which she detected some light of derisive humour.

'You had better,' said Willie ominously, 'I am a great English lord and most particular. If you do not work properly I shall throw you overboard. The sharks will get you.'

'As your lordship pleases,' responded John Clifford.

Madame, frowning deeply, watched the two figures—the lord marching ahead with the villain humbly following—embark in Willatopy's collapsible boat and row out to the yawl which lay at anchor at the head of the bay. Willatopy would sail her in or out over the bar when the tide was high, though even he dared not push her through the rollers which broke on the bar when the water was

at its lowest. Madame realised instantly that Clifford by cunning flattery had turned her flank and captured the interest of Willatopy. It was a new experience for the brown youth to possess an obsequious white slave who sweated at his orders and who addressed him as 'lord' and 'lordship' in every sentence. The Baron of Topsham was beginning to believe that he must be something out of the common way if a white stranger would come all the way from England to call him lord, to work in his garden, and to clean the brass of his yacht. He supposed that a lord in England was a kind of head-man in a village or the chief in a tribe. Only, as the English were very rich and very proud, a lord in England must be much more exalted than any man in the Straits—except, of course, the Administrator in Thursday Island or Grant the banker. He marched with his head held high, ordered John to row the collapsible boat—which job from long practice on the Thames in summer he achieved tolerably—and, after the yawl had been boarded, directed John towards the object of his labour and surveyed his operations from a critical distance. Cleaning the yawl was the one job of work which the rich and idle Willatopy had hitherto undertaken with his own hands. He had cared for the yawl as a sportsman cares for his gun or his horse, and a golfer cares for his clubs. It was, however, much pleasanter to superintend the labours of John.

'You are clever,' he said at last approvingly, 'not stupid like my brown boys. I shall not go to England. I will be a great lord on my island and you shall stay with me always as my slave. That white girl, Marie, who looks at me sideways—so—with eyes that bite, I will ask Madame to give her to me. Now that I am an English lord and no longer a brown Hula of Bulaa the girl Marie shall kiss my feet.'

'You will never be really a great lord unless you go to England, where all the men and women are white slaves of the lords who rule them,' said John mendaciously. Having decided to go the whole hog he did not spare decoration upon the beast. 'Here you will always be Willatopy the brown boy. There beyond the wide sea you will be the Right Honourable William Toppys, twenty-eighth Baron of Topsham.'

'My father, the Honourable William Toppys, was a great chief here on this island. I cannot be greater than my father.'

'You can be and you are,' said John Clifford earnestly. 'Your father was a younger son, never a great lord. You are the head

of the house, head of the ancient family of Toppys. Even Sir John Toppys, who owns the *Humming Top* yonder, will be your servant.'

'Huh!' cried Willatopy. 'Is the yacht also mine? I will throw the Skipper, he who called me "nigger," and scorns me, I will throw him into the sea and sail the *Humming Top* myself. It will be better even than my yawl.'

'No,' explained John, who had started Willatopy's mind working, and was alarmed where it would fetch up. 'No, the yacht is not yours. It belongs to Sir John Toppys, not to you.'

'But if I am the Lord of Topsham, it must be mine,' roared Willie.

'No,' repeated John, and tried to explain.

But Willatopy, with cries of 'Liar, liar, liar!' fell upon his white slave and beat him severely. And so John Clifford discovered very early in his campaign that the man who would teach the English law of inheritance to a half-caste and fully logical heir runs a grievous risk of being mangled by his pupil.

'There,' said Willatopy, as he picked up the crumpled body of John Clifford by the slack of its breeches and hammered it on the yawl's deck. 'If the yacht is not mine, I cannot be the Lord of Topsham, and you are a liar and a cannibal. Die, cannibal.'

'You can get another,' shrieked Clifford. 'A better one than the *Humming Top*.'

'What is that?' cried Willatopy, and paused while yet some life remained unhammered out on the yawl's deck.

'When you are a very rich lord,' groaned Clifford, 'you will be able to buy a much newer and finer yacht than the *Humming Top*.'

'Where?' inquired Willatopy.

'In England. You will give your orders, and your slaves will build for you any yacht which you please. But you must go to England first.'

'I shall never go to England,' said Willatopy; yet he desisted from the hammering of John Clifford and his tone lacked its customary resolution.

It had been an arduous day for the Hedge Lawyer. Yet I think that he was well content. In a few hours, at the price of much sweat and many aching bones, he had powerfully stirred up the soul of Willatopy so that it would never resettle in its old simple contented form. He had driven belief into the half-white, half-brown mind of the once happy boy that beyond the wide

seas, over in that England whence his father had fled, he himself had become a man of consequence. His poor childlike brain boiled and threw up visions in its steaming vapours. White women at his pleasure, white men as his slaves, splendid yachts at his orders, big stone houses with many many rooms—the big houses left him cold, but to the other visions he could give something of warm concrete form. Marie who made eyes at him; John who slaved for him; the yacht better even than the splendid *Humming Top*; these would all be his, and they were but an earnest of greater delights to follow. The round world and all that was therein would be beneath his brown feet if only he would go to England and become, in his own unchallengeable right, the twenty-eighth Baron of Topsham. Already the impressions left by the father upon the small soft mind of the twelve-year-old boy were beginning to yield under the moulding hand of the white slave John. Already the white restless strain in his blood, which throughout his life had reposed dormant, was beginning to bestir itself within him. He tossed John Clifford into the boat and rowed ashore himself. He drove Clifford before him up into the woods, and left him there supperless and without shelter. Let him forage in the woods if he hungered and seek for cover under the ample branches about him.

Then Willatopy, that gallant boy of mixed blood torn from his lifelong island roots by the exotic pressure of a cursed heirship, ran as if devils pursued to the tent of Madame Gilbert, and, bursting in, flung his naked body at her feet. Never before had he entered without leave. And Madame, seeing the tumult which raged in his soul and already understanding something of the story of his partial awakening, listened while the boy poured out the story, much as I have told it here.

‘Madame,’ he cried at the end, ‘What shall I do? What shall I do?’

‘Send Clifford away,’ said she, ‘and never go to England.’

‘I cannot send him away,’ said Willatopy. ‘He is my white slave. And if he went I should still be an English lord. But when a schooner calls he shall go. And I will never go to England. My father said “Always stick to Hula, Willie; Hula is better than English.” And I always will.’

‘That’s right,’ said Madame. ‘You can’t go wrong if you follow your father. And now, Willie dear, go back to your own hut and be Hula once more. I love Willatopy, but I should hate an English lord. He couldn’t come to my tent like this—without

even a bootlace about his middle. But my dear Willatopy may wear as little as he pleases. Be off—I don't want Marie to find you here.'

The blue eyes, so strange in the almost black face, flashed with a new light. 'Marie,' he said, 'the white Marie. If I were an English lord—'

Madame held up a warning hand.

'As my lady pleases,' said the boy, smiling almost happily, and turning about ran from the tent.

Madame sat for a long while after Willatopy had gone. Before her stood the austere Scotch figure of Grant of Thursday Island, the banker Grant who had loved the father and now loved the son for his father's sake. His solemn words rang in her ears. 'White and brown blood form a bad mixture, an explosive mixture—a mixture unstable as nitroglycerin.' Grant had declared that if drink and white women came into his life Willatopy would be a lost soul. 'We have no drink on the island,' murmured Madame Gilbert, 'and the stores of the yacht are safe from him. Marie dreads me too gravely to be a danger any more. If that lump of sharks' food Clifford can be got away we may pull through. But this inheritance of poor Willatopy's is the very devil. In England it seemed a comedy shot with streaks of utter farce; here in Tops Island it borders upon tragedy. In England it would be . . . *Mon Dieu!* To save Willatopy from that horror I would go some lengths, some bitter bitter lengths.'

'Marie,' said Madame Gilbert, as the French girl came in, 'if you hear any gossip about young Willatopy, don't believe it. There is a story that he is the rightful Lord Topsham, but of course it isn't true. Should it come to your ears you have my authority to deny it stoutly.'

'Certainly, Madame,' said Marie, the demure maid. But Marie did not say that Willatopy, flying from Madame's tent, had fallen in with her, that he had told her the whole story, and that she had urged him to claim all the rights and privileges that were his. And as a foretaste in the privileges of a seigneur she had offered him her warm red lips. No, Marie said nothing of that to Madame Gilbert.

(To be continued.)

ay
nd

th
an

ly,

ore

nd,

son

uite

—a

hat

e a

me

arie

mp

gh.

In

ere

be

ould

' if

ere

ce it

urity

arie

llen

had

And

him

ame